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1923

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YOUTH AND OTHER THINGS

FRED G. NEUMAN

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FRED G. NEUMAN

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BY
FRED G. NEUMAN

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History," Etc.

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TO
C. G.

PREFACE

These essays were originally written for publication in newspapers and never with a thought of their use in any other form. The series ran in the Paducah dailies along with other articles of similar nature, save one or two which are here presented for the first time.

The chapters on newspaper errors and ambiguous sentences met with more than ordinary favor, and they are reprinted at the solicitation of friends on newspapers and magazines throughout the country who in large measure supplied the material.

Several chapters have undergone slight revision and lengthening both of which tasks could be carried on indefinitely. In the main they stand as they appeared in the columns of the Paducah newspapers, which have already reprinted several and offered other encouragement that prompted their publication as here found.

FRED G. NEUMAN.

Paducah, Ky., December 5, 1923.

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CHAPTER I

YOUTH

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!"

A GENUINE surprise awaits that person who has never considered Youth's contributions to the happiness of man. In every field young men and women have given of their brains and strength to fortify the glory of each and every age, nor can one gaze in any direction lest he behold the achievements of those for whom life's shadows still fall to the west. Recently Samuel Rzesrewski, eight years old, defeated twenty chess experts at West Point Military Academy and nine-years-old Hilda Conkling gave the world her first book of poems. At seventeen, Jascha Heifetz the Russian violinist made his debut in this country. Fritz Kreisler was eleven when he toured Europe and played before king and queen. The most popular hero of the World War so far as America is concerned was within the draft age—Sergeant Rork, whom shouts acclaim and praise rewards. Practically every man that stood in the American lines at Chateau-Thierry and on the Aisne, and in the Meuse-Argonne and Somme sectors, was under thirty years of age.

What is true today was true yesterday. Horace Greeley spelled every word in the English language at the age of seven and Socrates mastered Greek at six. It has been truthfully said that had Benedict Arnold died a score of years sooner than he did, he would not have suffered the ignominy of a traitor and the shame which maturer years brought. Though he was forty-three years of age when elected head of the Continental Army, George Washington went as Virginia's envoy to the council of Indian chiefs on the Ohio at twenty-one and at twenty-four he was appointed second in command of the army designed to march to the same river. At twenty-seven Napoleon took command of the army of Italy and he was still under forty when, as one biographer says, he was "lord of lords and king of kings." He was "too old" at Waterloo at forty-seven. At thirty Lord Cleve was conquering

India for the British crown and at thirty-three Alexander the Great gave up the ghost. Joan of Arc was nineteen when malice and stupidity "took care" of her. Nathan Hale

"A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven"

twenty-one when he declared "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country!" At twenty-seven George Rogers Clark conquered the Great Northwest.

Like a chamois hunter full of life, and vigor, and courage, supported by the spear of his genius—potent as Ithuriel's—Prentiss at thirty sprang up the steeps and leaped over the chasms on his way to the mount where the "proud temple" shines above cloud and storm. In his twenty-eighth year the remarkable genius of Patrick Henry was discovered; at that age the Virginian burst forth suddenly and became the most eloquent public speaker of his generation.

Twenty-two million people journeyed to Chicago for the Columbian exposition, witnessing spectacles of every conceivable nature. Doubtless many have almost forgotten the dazzling displays, but who should say a ride on the giant Ferris wheel at that celebration was not an experience worth recalling for many years to come? That engineering marvel came from the brain of a man thirty-five years of age and it bears his name.

Perhaps nowhere does the young intellect show to greater advantage than in literature, and it is worthy of mention that in the republic of letters youth on occasion has outdistanced dotting age. William Cullen Bryant never equalled in his later years his earlier efforts. "Thanatopsis," for instance, was written when the youthful poet was seventeen. Diffident and reserved, he threw the poem in a drawer where it remained six years. In 1821 Bryant's first book of poems was printed and if there is anything finer in his complete works than "Thanatopsis" or "To a Water-fowl," both of which appear in this volume, the reading public has been unable to find it.

The late Colonel Roosevelt wrote the early chapters of the "War of 1812" while at college, and Dr. Lewis in his biography of the late author-president says it ranks next in merit to his more pretentious "Winning of the West." The best essays of Thomas Babington Macauley were written before he attained thirty and at that age Shakespeare had dashed off "The Merchant of Venice"

and "Richard III." Six years later the Bard of Avon pushed aside "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar." At twenty-five, Louvet, trained for the bar, abandoned the profession and wrote "Faublas." Edgar Allen Poe was under voting age when his first book of poems came from the press; the author of "The Raven" died at forty.

Can you conceive of an individual reading 20,000 books in a lifetime? He must be a bookworm, to be sure; and such was Henry Thomas Buckle, author of "A History of Civilization" whose private library was one of the richest in the world. An omnivorous reader, he averaged reading three books a day! Grief over the death of his mother accentuated his own and he laid down the burdens of life at forty-one.

In the Congress of thirteen states which met at Philadelphia to band the whole under one constitution was Charles Pinckney, the youngest member and most striking in ability and eloquence. It was his masterly intellect which found the secret of government for the republic at a time when the wisest hesitated in putting forward a plan to make the nation great and keep it great for generations to come. Pinckney was twenty-seven years old when he presented his draft, which was adopted after a gigantic battle of minds and wills.

"Ah! youth is wonderful!

All possibilities are in its hands."

Robert Burns passed away in his thirty-eighth year after leaving to posterity such masterpieces as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Highland Mary," the latter considered by no small number the greatest short poem ever written. The Scottish "plowboy" had two years more of "earthly pain and pleasure" than Lord Byron, who found a grave at thirty-six. In all your reading it is safe to gamble that you have never come across anything more gripping, more terribly fascinating than Byron's "Battle of Waterloo."

James Fennimore Cooper wrote "The Spy," "The Pioneers" and "The Pilot" before reaching thirty-five, and Stephen Collins Foster at twenty-six wrote "My Old Kentucky Home," the only song by which he is remembered. John Keats died in exile at Rome when twenty-five and at the same age Goethe was world famous. Barely past his twenty-first year but already widely celebrated for his attainments, Philip Melancthon was called to the professorship of Greek at Wittenberg during the Reformation,

and Luther was only thirty-four when he nailed his Ninety-five Thesis to the Castle Church door four hundred years ago.

Don John of Rustria won Lapanto at twenty-five, and had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. The Duke of Wiemar answered death's insistent call at thirty-six. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. Disraeli says that when Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, "all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age."

John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his craft Ferdinand of Aragon himself. He was pope, as Leo X was, at thirty-seven. Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven. Raphael, who painted the palaces of Rome, died at the same age. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one, and Bolingbroke was far from being old when he served as a minister. Grotius was in practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four.

Conde was only twenty-two when he won the Battle of Rocroi. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Ney rose to be a Marshal of France before he was forty. Prince Murat was thirty-eight at the victory of Jena. Charles XII conquered Denmark at the age of eighteen. Hoche and Marceau both died before they were thirty.

The cultured, brilliant, magnetic, and brave Camille Desmoulins was thirty when he sprang upon a table in the Palais-Royal and harangued the mob which stormed the Bastille. Tennyson's first book of poems was published in his twenty-third year and Franklin's Almanac made its initial appearance when its common-sense author was twenty-six. Darwin, the English naturalist, and Hegel, the German philosopher, were famous long before life's evening star succeeded the bright sun. Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence at thirty-two and at thirty Adolph Thiers completed his ten-volume "History of the French Revolution," the first exhaustive account by one who had not been an eye-witness of the event. Irvin S. Cobb was managing editor of the Paducah News-Democrat at nineteen.

Oscar Wilde died at an age when life insurance companies today would be glad to take the "risk." Schiller and Musset began their literary careers at eighteen and Emerson's star rose at an

age not far past one and twenty. Thomas Chatterton took his own life in a garret before reaching twice nine, and Persy Bysshe Shelley was thirty when he ceased to breathe. Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote "The Blessed Damosel" at eighteen and "The Burden of Nineveh" at twenty-one. At twenty-six John Milton was master of every technical resource of poetry. Pope's career as a man of letters began when he was twenty-one. James Whitcomb Riley was twenty-two when he wrote "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" and still under thirty when "The Old Swimmin' Hole" was published.

And is that all? Ge-rate gudeness! At thirty-one Daniel Webster was holding his own with such intellectual Titans as Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. At three and twenty William Pitt, the great commoner, was chancellor of the exchequer and at a like age Charles James Fox resigned the office of lord of the admiralty and—but history is full of Youth's marvelous achievements, the wonderful contributions to the world's progress and development its young men and women have given.

History is a brilliant record of Youth's achievements, if we but knew it.

CHAPTER II

NEGLECTING OUR WORTHY

IT GIVES one a sad sense of man's ingratitude and lack of appreciation to reflect that of the world's greatest benefactors, some were neglected in their declining years, while others found a nameless grave. In myriad ways we honor the dead—with song and story, the marble statue, the memorial celebration, the studied oration, the tribute of perishable flowers; but no marble reaches skyward over the grave of Nathan Hale, nor does violet blue not where lies John Paul Jones. No! We are an emotional people, praising our benefactors while living and forgetting them when dead. One day it is the voice of lamentation, "The king is dead!" The next, the voice of applause, "Long live the king!" Shakespeare very nearly described man's calousness when he had Anthony remark, "But yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against the world; now lies he there and none so poor to do him reverence."

Years after the Washington monument was begun it remained unfinished. Unless the Garfield and McKinley memorials at Cleveland and Canton had been erected while the nation's grief was fresh it would have been impossible to arouse popular enthusiasm at a later period. The Jefferson Davis memorial has never been completed. There is no imposing shaft to honor the memory of President Roosevelt.

The same neglectful spirit is evidenced toward saving shrines that should be sacred to the memory of departed worthies. The thought of how soon the world forgets, prompted an early movement for a plan to save the home place of the late Theodore Roosevelt. A spirit of veneration for the mighty should rescue Monticello, even as Sagamore Hill was saved two years ago; for the homestead of Thomas Jefferson is now sadly desecrated in its use as a private residence by strangers to his blood. Every Kentuckian remembers the campaign to salvage old Hickory Hill, the site where Stephen Collins Foster lived and wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." Sergeant Alvin York was the greatest hero America knew in the world upheaval; yet he was obliged to accept

contributions from private sources to meet notes on his farm in Tennessee.

No better instance can be shown of indifferent toward our eminently worthy than the shameful burial given John Paul Jones. Though

"There sounds not to the trumpet of Fame
The echo of a nobler name,"

the bravest seaman that ever fought under the Stars and Stripes has an unmarked grave. His life reads like a daring tale, his naval exploits constitute the most remarkable in point of extraordinary success and phenomenal courage in the annals of history. Consider the monumental audacity displayed by Jones during the great sea battle fought within sight of the British coast the evening of September 25, 1779, and you will have a key to his making.

Through the darkness the British captain, Pearson, called out, "Have you struck your colors?" The voice of Jones on the sinking *Bon Homme Richard* came back, "I have not yet begun to fight!"—reminding one of Major Stephen Elliott's reply to the Federal request for surrender of Fort Sumter, "Come and take it!" Jones spent his last days in Paris, where he died in 1792. The French assembly, took official notice of his death; selected a deputation of twelve members to attend the burial and provided a military escort to follow the body of the immortal warrior to his grave. Gouverneur Morris, the American minister, issued orders for the cheapest, most private funeral, nor did he pay the last sad token of respect by being present when the dead hero was laid to rest. Carrying out the cold-hearted minister's orders, Jones was so obscurely buried that his grave cannot be found, and could not be marked with a monument if Congress so wished to mark the spot.

Two tragedies in the Revolution will ever be recalled with sadness—Major Andre, of the British army, and Nathan Hale, of the American, both executed as spies. Major Andre was led to the gallows October 2, 1780, near Tarrytown, N. Y., where he was captured. His remains were buried close to the spot where he suffered, but in 1821 they were disinterred and removed to Westminster Abbey. While the English spy's body reposes in a cathedral, the burial spot of the American patriot is unknown, although there is a cenotaph in City Hall Park, New

York. We remember the brilliant young captain's dying exclamation, "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." President Dwight, of Yale, voiced the general sorrow:

"Thus while fond virtue wishes in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave."

Robert Morris of Philadelphia was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a financier. During the Revolution when the soldiers needed clothing, the last dollar spent, when General Washington was in despair, Morris, from his own private resources furnished means to carry on the struggle. "Except for the sums raised by Robert Morris," says Historian John Fiske, "Washington could not have saved the country." Morris' long devotion to the public interests caused embarrassment in his business, and his closing years were passed in gloom instead of honored retirement.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

During the time of Louis XV the Parliament of Paris in response to popular clamor judicially murdered Lally-Tollendal, the hero of the struggle of France against England in India. Returning to France, he was tried for treason, was convicted, was sent to the scaffold with a gag in his mouth, and executed with every circumstance of petty meanness that could break the great heart of a brave, proud, and unfortunate man. A few years after his death, this same Parliament of Paris reconsidered its former decision, and reversed it. But Lally-Tollendal was dead. Yes, many a time does the world stone a man before it rears a stone to his memory. We too often make a laughing stock of a man before we take stock in what he says. Had France given Lally-Tollendal, as he asked, one-tenth of the troops wasted to please Maria Theresa, he would have saved the French domains.

In the pages of history one cannot find a more entrancing spirit than the young peasant girl Joan of Arc who became the commander of armies, the winner of battles, the deliverer of a nation. Brooding over the unhappy condition of her country she believed that she heard voices calling her to lead the French to victory, and once she headed the rough, hardened soldiers a new enthusiasm was instilled in the French and the English were

put to flight. Having accomplished her marvelous task, she begged the king to let her return to her father's home among the hills where she might again become a shepherd lass. But the king refused to let her go; he believed she should win more victories, for all France was aglow with enthusiasm over this wonderful girl. Again and again, she was engaged with the army, and at last fell into the hands of the English. The English believed that she was a sorceress, a witch, and condemned her to death and burned her at the stake. Not until 1890 was a fitting memorial erected to her memory at Domremy, her birthplace. In 1920, nearly five hundred years after her frightful death, she was formally declared a saint.

More books have been written about Napoleon than any other character since the star dust was strewn through the empyrean. In the battles of Marengo and Austerlitz, he supplied the world with the synonyms of dazzling success; in Waterloo, he gave the world a name for hopeless, overwhelming defeat. At 27 he was at the head of the Italian campaign; at 40, emperor. Banished to Elba, he escaped, returned, lost bloody Waterloo, and was taken captive and sent to St. Helena. See the Man of Destiny on the lonely crag! A prisoner, he is subjected to every insult of which Sir Hudson Lowe is capable. Every bitter weed of contempt was thrust the Corsican, who now lived in a cowshed. "History will do me justice," said Napoleon in a dispute with the heartless jailer. Even the white face of the dead man, the folded hands, the frozen sleep of death, made no appeal to his British captor, who refused to lower the casket inscribed "Napoleon." Thus the greatest of men received an anonymous burial! That was in 1821.

But in 1840 Napoleon's turn comes. The grave of St. Helena is opened; the body is taken to Paris to be entombed in the French capital. With a vast outpouring of people, the greatest Frenchman is welcomed home. Mourners come in endless lines, nor has that procession ended yet. His impress lies upon the world forever, though he died a torturous death and was committed to every indignity Great Britain could bestow.

Twenty-six years after Edgar Allen Poe's death there was not a tombstone in the Baltimore Presbyterian cemetery to show the burial place of the poet; the grave was wholly unmarked. In 1846 a committee of school teachers began raising a sum for a tombstone, and ten years later \$1,000 had been

raised through entertainment and "generosity." Through their efforts of the existing stone was carved and set up, but the only person of note attending the unveiling was Walt Whitman. The principal address was made by the figure-head of a Baltimore high school. That was the grandest Poe celebration ever held in the United States. At his burial in 1849 exactly eight persons were present, of whom six were relatives. True, Poe was not a painfully respectable fellow; he drank what is known as "bottled in the barn" and took dope. With all his faults, his gifts are in the lead—and the average man would no more think of exchanging Poe's rare traits for those of the masses than a chancellor would throw aside the ermine to demand equal physical rights with a sergeant-at-arms.

The inventor of the sewing machine—that is, a sewing machine whose threads would stay sewn—was Elias Howe. In 1843 at the age of 32 he began the work of realizing his dream in metal. Through a long series of vicissitudes, including periods of dire poverty for himself, his wife and his children, he worked on the undertaking which he hoped would make him rich. When his model was finally finished, he lacked the money to go to Washington to get it patented. After he obtained his rights in partnership with a friend, Howe discovered that his countrymen would have none of him or his machine—for the time being, at least. So he sent his invention to London where it received a welcome, but piracy abroad and at home reduced him to direct necessities and it was only after a severe struggle that his rights were vindicated. His wife died during their stress. His years of prosperity were brief, and in 1867 he died in Brooklyn.

Seventy years ago we knew little of the Pacific Coast, for the Rocky Mountains were a barrier to our western progress. It was reserved for Colonel John G. Fremont to clear the way; and from 1842, his first expedition, to 1853, his fifth, he made a thorough survey of peak and pass, almost starving and freezing, writing reports that won medals from the Royal Society of London. He was our first and greatest explorer. In return for his priceless sacrifice, his land titles in California were disputed, and his widow, Jessie Benton, spent her lonely old age in a cottage given by the ladies of California. Shame!

When California was ceded to the United States in 1848 General John A. Sutter, who had founded the first settlement at Sacramento was, like Colonel Fremont, in possession of a

large tract of land. He had every prospect of continued prosperity, but the discovery of gold a year later brought a horde of miners to his ranch, and his claim to the property was refused by the Supreme Court. Sick in mind and body, the sorrowful old man retired to the quiet town of Lititz, Pa., pressed his claim on a heartless Congress, and after its refusal for the sixteenth time to acknowledge his rights, died in despair at a Washington hotel.

“Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.”

Revere's Ride and Sheridan's Ride, later, were picturesque, but they sink into insignificance compared with the five months' ride of Marcus Whitman, October, 1842, to March, 1843, from Washington on the Pacific to Washington on the Patomac. There is a dispute as to the purpose of the ride, some claiming Rev. Whitman made the cross country trip with a view to obtaining funds to carry on his missionary work in the West. Others, however, are certain the purpose was to impress upon President Tyler and Daniel Webster the importance of preserving the Northwest to this country from the grasp of England. Four thousand miles through the dead of winter! Oregon, Washington and Idaho were saved. Four years afterward, Whitman was massacred by the Indians and only in 1897 was a monument raised to his memory! The poet touches upon the delinquency—

“Slowly wise and meanly just
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.”

Long before John Brown or Colonel Ellsworth, Elijah Lovejoy was the first sacrifice in the slavery excitement. His murder at Alton, Ill., by a mob in 1837 called to the anti-slavery crusade two of its greatest orators—his brother Owen, and Wendell Phillips. Only a pine headboard, bearing the initials “E. L.” marked the grave of the martyr. But see the truth of poetic justice! In 1897, sixty years afterward, a towering monument was erected to his heroic memory.

One frequently hears the name of Charles Goodyear associated with that of rubber; in all conscience, it is quite synonymous with certain widely advertised products. Crude rubber came from South Africa and was well known to commerce for 300 years, but it was only in 1834 that Charles Goodyear began his experiments for converting it into shoes and other

articles. After repeated failures and long struggle, he obtained his patent for vulcanizing rubber in 1844, but a renewal in 1857 was refused on account of the opposition of schemers who had grown rich by infringing on his rights. Poor old Goodyear! Although he died in debt, he at least had the satisfaction of seeing his grand discovery in five hundred various applications.

How do you think the poor patients felt in the dentist's chair or on the operating table in the old times,, when sleeping potions were unknown? Well, they had to grin and bear it. After many experiments Dr. William Green, a Boston dentist, in 1846, administered ether to a patient from whose jaw Dr. John C. Warren removed a tumor. As usual, other men disputed his discovery. A bill giving him \$100,000 as a national testimonial failed in Congress. His business was ruined by prolonged opposition. Both Dr. James Young Sampson, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Homes, of Boston, awarded the discoverey to Dr. Morton.

“This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.”

CHAPTER III

HOW PRAISE IS BESTOWED

IN THE fields of literature, art, science and trade it not infrequently occurs that a particular discovery or invention, an especially popular picture or book, story or poem, affixes itself as a natural complement to a certain world-wide name. Gallileo, Newton, Watt, Franklin, Morse, Marconi, Edison: a definite term will rush to mind directly one of these names is heard. With the mention of Millet's name, the "Angelus" comes to mind. However familiar we may be with the writings of Thomas Carlyle, the "French Revolution" is sure to be the first associated with his name; yet this taciturn Scot's "Heroes and Hero Worship" and "Sartor Resartus" shine today, very stars in our literary skies. H. G. Wells will go down in history as the author of "The Outline of History," though the prolific and versatile writer has produced forty volumes. Irvin S. Cobb is best known for his "Old Judge Priest" stories, of which there are thirty, and his eminently successful "Speaking of Operations—", a slender volume chock-full of humor. Oliver Wendell Holmes wished to be remembered by "The Chambered Nautilus"; he is, along with "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Victor Hugo's fame rests almost wholly on one book—"Les Misérables." Payne wrote many songs besides "Home, Sweet Home," but we always think of these melancholy lines in speaking of the homeless author; he never had a home, yet wrote the best tribute thereto, just as James Whitcomb Riley, who never married, wrote the tenderest message in praise of man's greatest earthly possession—"An Old Sweetheart of Mine." The late Indiana bard himself is known for only a handful of verses—"The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Knee-deep in June," "It's Got to Be"—do you know any more? S. F. Smith wrote many hymns, yet he is invariably alluded to as "the author of 'America'." Francis Scott Key is to everyone "the man who wrote 'Star-Spangled Banner'." Stephen Collins Foster is popular but for one song; he wrote others, but "My Old Kentucky Home" is far and away the only worth-while thing he dashed off. Her own countrymen

associate Julia Ward Howe's name almost wholly with one poem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," struck off at white heat early in the Civil War.

So, however much a man may accomplish, he is usually known for but one particular achievement. A pertinent example is that of Elbert Hubbard, author, lecturer, farmer, banker. The late sage of East Aurora is referred to as the author of "A Message to Garcia," a tract of fifteen hundred words with a circulation of more than forty million. Did the Fra ever write anything else worth a lullaby? Comparatively few people care for biography, though Elbert Hubbard could enliven a skeleton and make dead men walk, so wonderful was his genius as exhibited in his "Little Journeys." His description of the Titanic disaster is one of the most gripping, most terribly fascinating accounts of any horror ever penned. Elbert Hubbard—oh, he wrote "A Message to Garcia," as anyone will tell you.

"Paradise Lost" is synonymous with John Milton, who also wrote a sequel thereto, "Paradise Regained." Of course everybody has heard of "Paradise Lost," but we daresay the reader in common with his neighbor has never read the sonorous catalogues. The whole book is somehow as forbidding as its title, though almost anyone will boastingly say he has read "part of it." Milton enjoys the highest reputation as a prose writer, but not everyone knows that in a collection of authors made a generation after his death his name was not included among the poets! If you would read one of his earlier and impeccable poems, read "Il Penseroso."

In the vast treasure-house of literature it would be impossible to find a more exquisite gem, both of thought and expression, than John Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn." All the world acclaims his fame on merit of this one poem, it would seem, quite forgetting his odes "to Autumn" and "To a Nightingale," in the latter of which he tells of that voice heard "in ancient days by emperor and king." Reviewers in Keats' day were unjustly cruel to him, and the poet is said to have died broken-hearted believing that he had missed the mark of literary renown. Sidney Lanier is known for "Tampa Robins" and "The Marshes of Glynn."

"Crossing the Bar" attaches itself as snugly to Tennyson as a sparkling gem to milady's finger—the English speaking world has learned the beauty and depth of both, the poetical cameo and the bright stone. But in all your reading have you ever come

across anything of finer sentiment than "Enoch Arden?" Tennyson also wrote "Idyls of the King" and "Queen Mary," but nobody cares a rap for these or "Enoch Arden" so long as "Crossing the Bar" survives.

In speaking of Thackeray we think of "Vanity Fair" as unconsciously as we bat the eye or fall in love. "Faust" and Goethe are inseparable; so is Dickens and "A Tale of Two Cities." Benjamin Franklin is generally known for his common-sense as expressed in "Poor Richard's Almanac" and Geoffrey Chaucer lives in the lives of many only for his "Canterbury Tales." The world remembers Omar Khayyam but for one poem, "The Rubaiyat." Blanco Write is singularly known for "Night," perhaps the most beautiful poem in the English language.

It were superfluous to dilate on the sterling merits of "Robinson Crusoe," Daniel Defoe's masterpiece written at the age of sixty. No one would—could—detract therefrom, but if you would enjoy a little while do read Defoe's "True-Born Englishman." In these days when so many of us pride ourselves on lineage of which we know aught, when the fanciful "dude" boasts of his "stock" and idle daughter makes much ado over her "blood," then tries to marry a foreigner that her children may be reared subjects instead of sovereigns—yes, do read what Defoe says where

"Great families of yesterday they show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who."

Did you know that Tom Moore, sweetest Irish singer, was paid \$15,000 for "Lalla Rookh" and rested his growing game upon it? Strange how the world today neglects the epic and honors Moore for the less pretentious "Irish Melodies." The most strenuous work of Moore's creative faculty is cast aside, is "misjudged," as Michael Monahan, one of the most brilliant critics in the nation today, says.

It would seem that frequently the fate of a literary worker is dependable upon caprice; the curious manner in which the public, the reading public, allots credit to authors would indicate this. Again, a writer does not always know his best work any more than a minister of the gospel knows his most effective discourse. For instance, Walter Savage Landor toiled incessantly on "Gebir," which nobody reads; but no lover of literature has overlooked his simple lines of grief on the untimely death of

beautiful Rose Aylmer, a choice bloom as pretty as her name.
Here is the poem:

“Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

“Rose Aylmer, whom the wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see.
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.”

No student of the divine in man has missed acquaintance with Edgar Allen Poe's "Annabel Lee." Another poem, however, couples itself to the South's greatest singer—"The Raven." To be sure, Poe's poems comprise a rather modest volume, but this genius wrote literary criticism and several short stories which it were superlative folly to let die. "The Black Cat," "The Tell-tale Heart," "The Purloined Letter," these are pure water from Pierian spring, choice fish from Helicon. Kipling's "Phantom Rickshaw" is a splendid mystery story, but it no more compares with the American's "Fall of the House of Usher" than a lily with a hollyhock. Speaking of mystery stories, did you ever read Ambrose Bierce's "Tales of Mystery?" He is known for having written little else worth while. Recapitulating, it has been said that the best poem Poe ever threw off was "Eldorado"; it is the least noticed.

Robert Burns, with a fine vein of genius, cast off "For a' That and a' That," for which everyone knows him; it gained for him a niche in the temple of literature. The Scottish plowboy also wrote "Cotter's Saturday Night" and other immortal songs, the original fragments recently bringing \$15,000 from the coffers of J. Pierpont Morgan, according to the newspapers. "Bobby" Burns, however, died in neglect—was as poor of material wealth as Poe, who when his wife lay dying brought her the family cat to add to her warmth in the absence of blankets. A few years ago Poe's "Tamerlane" netted \$2,200 in the first edition. Burns' "Highland Mary" belongs in the same category with Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and Prentice's "At My Mother's Grave."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has been called America's greatest poet, though it seems a bit previous to confer such a honor. Before he was gathered to his fathers Longfellow probably attached more importance to "Evangeline" than his "Psalm of Life," yet the public today reverses the poet's opinion and declaims the rhymy verses wherever the English language is spoken. "Nightfall" is another of Longfellow's famous poems, so is "The Reaper"; but there is no denying "A Psalm of Life" is the first thought of when his name is mentioned.

Charles Dickens' "Pickwick Tales," "American Travel Notes" and other voluminous writings are found in fewer homes that one might think, but what home does not possess the English novelist's "Christmas Carol?" See how Dickens' more ambitious efforts are sedulously avoided while his carols melt ever and increasing hearts!

CHAPTER IV

BOOKS AND FRIENDSHIP

SOMEONE has said no person can be truly educated or successful in life unless the reading of books occupied a certain part of that individual's life. With few exceptions, the statement is correct—only it might be added that along with the education and success a degree of happiness beyond price rewards the person of books.

Daniel Webster said his opportunities for acquiring an education were very limited, but he significantly amended that remark by saying he had the good fortune to be supplied with useful books and these he confesses were responsible for the wisdom he accumulated—not the school. Henry Clay is credited with saying: "A wise mother and good books enabled me to succeed in life." Joseph Addison says books are "the legacies the great leave to mankind," and Frederick Harrison states the reader is free to approach the inmost minds of men, that he "needs no introduction to the greatest and he stands on no ceremony with them." A wise man has said: "Show me the books in a house and I will tell you the culture of the occupants." A book is a mark of intelligence.

Gold certainly lures its multitudes, but books also lure their lordly company of admirers. Next to a very few chosen friends, books are the dearest and most helpful of companions. They are so human in their gentle fellowship. Quietly and unobtrusively they bring the very best of the past centuries—

"Your never failing friends are they,
With whom you converse day by day."

Books! Ah, they place at one's side the choicest spirits of the ages. They offer such benign comfort, such truthful guidance, and such strength and courage when these are most needed. They are the wisest of company, far and away the merriest, by all odds the most sympathetic. Truly, they are the most inexpensive of pleasures. A few books will carry one farther than an equal amount of money expended in any other way; when they

are once bought the cost is over. Few think of it, but place a good book in a poor boy's hand and he is at once equal in advantage to the son of a millionaire. What more than Shakespeare can Shakespeare be to anyone? And Shakespeare is Shakespeare in a plain cloth binding as much as in the most precious of tooled moroco. It is well to consider that while a wealthy man can pay others to do his work it is impossible for him to get his thinking done for him or to purchase any kind of self-culture.

James Baldwin in the preface to "The Book Lover" says, "Book love has ever been my passion." One does not have to be a bibliophile to see how mysteriously books charm, lure and throw their spell over the individual, for, as a rich quotation finely expresses it, "They are the voices of the distant and the dead and make us heirs of the spiritual wealth of past ages." Truly, God be thanked for books, good books. A scholar of the middle ages is credited with saying he bought books first, and afterwards, if he had any money left, he invested in food and clothes. The late Henry Ward Beecher said a library is "not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life." He said a little library is an honorable part of a young man's history. "It is a man's duty to have books" said the distinguished preacher. Few men knew this better than Beecher.

One of the magnificent things about these fellows that stand upright on the shelves where good taste prevails, is that they take the reader to distant lands and into the strange kingdoms. It must have been one of the charms of minstrelsy of days gone by that it could amuse men to forget their monotonous and dull life. The seamy side of life seems just a little less real after returning from a pilgrimage with a book. Some book man has said it is "a great experience into the continent of books." How often the spellbinding power of a book has given vision, color and inspiration to a life which before had been colorless and without vision. Where is the young person who has not found some book a real philosopher's stone, where the boy or girl who has not been influenced by the printed word in permanent form? It was that shining light in American literature, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who said, "I want the books that help me out of the vacancy and despair of a frivolous mind." How magnificent this utterance! The mind is enriched and strengthened that is lured on and carried away by the charm of a book. Leigh Hunt

said, "I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather." It was Longfellow who said of one of his characters—

"Dead he lay among his books,
And the peace of God was in his looks."

Every young person should early acquire the reading habit and at every opportunity he or she should assiduously pursue it. Time does not hang heavy on the reader's hands, for there is constantly something new to read in a land where more than 10,000 books are published every year. Fortunate is that person who has the time to read a good portion of the new books printed annually, not neglecting those already on the market.

Thomas Buckle, who wrote a history of civilization, had a private library of more books than that of many public institutions, and read on an average of three ordinary-size books a day. Amos R. Wells is an omnivorous reader and has a library of more than 10,000 volumes, sixty of which he wrote himself. The late Elbert Hubbard was the proud possessor of 10,000 books, the author of twenty-five. William King, the poet, was said to have prosecuted his studies with such intenseness and activity that, at the age of 25 he had read over and made remarks upon considerably more than 20,000 books and manuscripts. Pliny the Elder employed a person to read to him during his meals, and he never traveled without a book and a portable writing desk. Pliny the younger, read upon all occasions, whether riding, walking, or sitting—whenever the moment's leisure afforded him an opportunity. His playmates tell of Irvin S. Cobb carrying a book to the theatre where thirty years ago he read between the acts.

On the other hand many persons are what one might call slow readers; that is, it requires a longer time for them to assimilate facts. F. W. Robertson himself said that it took him six months to read a small octavo on chemistry. Harriet Martineau often read only a page in an hour. Comte read but few books, but thoroughly digested what he did read.

But no matter whether one reads slowly or rapidly, whether it is a passion with him or her or not, every person capable of reading should have some books of his own. If one is any sort of a reader—that is, reads to any extent—by the time the 25th year of age is reached the friendly book shelves should boast

500 or more good books. There is nothing finer than the realization that the voices on one's shelves call and carry the reader away to distant realms and, before the thought comes to the reader he or she is on a pilgrimage lured on and piloted by a book. It makes one forget for the time all sorrow—and the weather! The reader returns from the journey to find that the sorrow is less heartrending, the weather less tempestuous. Many and varied are the voices calling from the shelves of one's library. Many are the hours belonging to him to come and marvel in the company of the earth's best and greatest.

Penniman, in his volume entitled, "Books and How to Make the Most of Them" has this to say: "More remarkable than the telegraph or the telephone, a book not only annihilates space, but time, and carries the voice of David or Homer across the seas of the ages." How fine! Is not the book one of the greatest and highest delights and allurements in the highest stage of civilization? Next to man himself in glory and dignity comes a book. Then let us congratulate the poor that in our day books are so cheap that the laborer in the street might possess them.

Building up a little library is a question with many persons, and it is indeed a problem at times just what books to buy. The individual will not go far in library-making before he or she learns the meaning of the word "classic," and will know the immense space which separates a book which is a "classic" from any book which is not. Biographies of leading men and women, the standard histories, and the best poets, essayists, and novelists constitute a splendid beginning—a beginning, by the way, beyond the average purse if prosecuted too firmly or carelessly. Do not buy the complete works of any literary light, save of course Shakespeare. There are certain passages even in the Bard of Avon's voluminous output that might be emasculated. But the reason for not purchasing the whole output of any writer is simply because every writer is dull at times, is "not himself" always, to borrow a phrase from the sympathetic schoolboy. Just as the orator whom one knows to be a heaven-born orator sometimes fails to move an audience, just as the expert mechanic is awkward now and then, just as the painter's brush sometimes misses the conception and the sculptor's chisel does not always follow his thoughts, even as the master musician occasionally makes discord,—so the greatest writer produces uninteresting

reading in an off mood. Is this not so? The purchaser who needs not look at considerable outlay can purchase the complete works of the world's literary colossi, but once this is begun there is scarcely no end to buying, that it becomes the person of moderate means to buy discriminately.

Then the temptation comes to buy sets of reference books, especially dictionaries and encyclopedias. These should be purchased with the greatest care. They are very expensive, and one can expend as much money upon one single work of this kind as would purchase a hundred books of more vital reading. An encyclopedia will not make a person learned any more than a set of carpenter tools will make him a carpenter, or presence of culinary instruments metamorphose a giggling newlywed into an experienced preparer of food. Of ponderous, heavy reference works, buy only what is needed.

The proper authors to read has often caused one to wonder just what is appropriate for a certain mood. When a person has done considerable study or what is called "heavy reading," the mind is naturally refreshed with a few pages of humor—a dip into Chaucer, Cervantes, Rabelais, Mark Twain or Irvin S. Cobb, for instance. After reading the delabored thoughts in the average small city newspaper, relief is found in the smoothness of Addison, Goldsmith, and Hawthorne, and in the simplicity of Burns, Whittier, and Bunyan. But for real common sense with which editorials should be fraught, reach for Benjamin Franklin and Herbert Kaufman, and the late Elbert Hubbard. In these rushing days when so much reason seems lacking, the sincere element will find logic in such as Burke and Bacon, elegance in Virgil, Milton, and Arnold.

Do you care for good, idiomatic English? Then ensconce yourself in a comfortable rocker with Keats, Tennyson, or Emerson's essays where choice of individual words mounts the pinnacle of correct expression. Rhetorical force and clearness of expression can be found in Lord Byron and Macaulay. For melody and pure poetic beauty read Keats, Poe, Lanier, and Swineburne. For ethereal beauty, Shelley takes the lead, just as Milton and Dante are kings in sublimity of conception. For loving observation of nature draw away from the din of today with Wadsworth, Thoreau, Walton, or the late John Burroughs, Jane Austen will hold anyone's attention, if interest in common things is sought.

The study of human nature is well supplied by Shakespeare, Balzac, Robert Browning, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot; for criticism of men and books wander awhile with Arnold, Lamb, Poe, H. L. Mencken and Michael Monohan. The versatile Mencken is the greatest critic this country has produced since Poe, and Monohan can put to shame many an American born without the brogue. Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling are noted for vivacity and Homer and Scott for action. Pathos and humor—ah, look to Thackeray and Dickens and Irvin S. Cobb. The latter's "Old Judge Priest" stories are charged with both; his little volume "Speaking of Operations—" is declared by many the funniest book ever written.

It was Emerson, the Sage of Concord, who said: "Books are the best things, well used; abused, among the worst." In one of the public libraries of New York City a picture catches the eye of the entrants and displays a young person surreptitiously reading a destructive book; the devil is looking over the reader's shoulder and the picture is called "A Bad Book." The story is told of an American living in India whose book shelves were interpolated with unwholesome books. On one occasion, he reached for a bad book and was bitten by a snake which had crept into the bookcase—a striking illustration of the danger, the evil, lurking within the vulgar.

A prominent educator discovered his son reading a trashy novel and asked why he read a book which he could not quote, while a railroad conductor relates an instance of a girl passing through the great Canyon indifferent to the magnificence and splendor of God's wonders, her head between the covers of a dime novel! A cheap novel is as strengthening to the mind as drinking wind out of a toy balloon is to the body. Avoid the influence of injurious books, or rubbish. Why wade in the mire when there are plenty of parks where one might sit in the sun?

In sharp contrast is the greatest of all books beside the unprincipled literature just considered. How the Bible shines as a finished literary gem in comparison!

"A glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives but borrows none."

Carlyle says, "The Bible is an all man's book." It is so because as Locke puts it, "It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any admixture of error for its matter; it is all pure, all sincere, nothing too much, nor wanting." It is essentially a universal book for all ages, the truest, oldest yet newest ever written. Surprising as it may seem, there are many well educated persons in America who have never read it through, a startlingly large number who know naught of its contents, almost nothing of its meaning and import. Lovers of literature—real dilettanti of letters—confess a lack of knowledge as to the poetry, the song, the eloquence, the history, the philosophy of the greatest of all books. When John Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford jail he found solace for his loneliness in the companionship of three books, and Freude significantly says, "One of these was the Bible, which is in itself a liberal education."

Probably the oldest scrap of poetry in existence is the Song of the Sword, no doubt commemorative of some primitive feud—and it is found in Genesis 4:23. A stirring song of righteous victory is that of Deborah—"The Marseillaise" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" do not excel it. The New Testament contains the song of the herald angels, "To you is born this day a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will among men." There have been wonderful singers like Virgil and Homer and burning Sappho, Goethe and Schiller and Shakespeare, but how they dwindle beside the bards of Scripture! John Milton said "There are no songs like the songs of Zion."

One of the oldest examples of oratory is Judah's plea for his brothers at the Egyptian court—a shepherd at the bar, a stranger in a strange land, arraigned with his brothers on a criminal charge, the possibility of death confronting them—such were the conditions under which Judah presented his argument in their behalf, earnest and pathetic almost unto death. Then there is a brief account of Aaron's plea for the emancipation of Israel before the tyrant Pharaoh—how puny seem the forms of such abolitionists as Wilberforce and Garrison in the presence of this mighty liberator! In view of the subtle hypocrisy and manifest wickedness in this self-styled Christian land where one-third of the people do not have church connection, it seems quite a number have never heeded John the Baptist's cry in the wilderness, "Repent ye, repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at

hand!"—else have never heard it. Stephen courting death while exposing the frightful sin of crucifying the Messiah, Peter at Pentacost preaching with such simpleness and humility that three thousand souls are pricked to the heart and fell sobbing at the feet of the Savior, or Paul setting the doctrine of human rights in words that were destined to be the foregleam of all subsequent manifestoes in behalf of civil freedom—these are examples of effective speech that might well be followed by the proud in the pulpit, the arrogant on the rostrum.

But the crowning eloquence of the Scriptures is that of the Master himself, and it is recorded the common people heard Him gladly. They " marvelled at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth," and in the supreme Book the story is told of a Roman guard who was sent with a band to arrest Him; they paused to listen, were captivated and returned without the prisoner. Then their master inquired why they did not bring Him, and the answer was, "Never man spake like this man." Displays of oratory such as these moved Daniel Webster to say, "If there is aught of power on my lips it is because of my acquaintance with the eloquence of the Scriptures which I learned at my mother's knee."

No private or home library is complete without its portion of history, and the Bible truly furnishes a treasury of historical wealth. It is replete with chronicles, full of authentic records of events running back to the infancy of time. It is likewise fraught with great scientific propositions—biology, ethnology, astronomy, geology, zoology are all treated. The Bible is accepted as the standard of universal morals, and as a flame of fact between Sinai and Olivet one finds the source of world jurisprudence and the sanctions of all civil and social peace and order. It is a great mind of ideas and inspiration, the Bible is, and the deeper one digs the richer and more abundant the ore.

"This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown,
The merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes that pearl his own."

The person forming a personal library should dedicate a definite part of the home or a room to his or her books, though at first it is only a shelf. Keep the books together, and keep them in beautiful order. Do not let them lie aslant on the

shelves, thus twisting and racking their binding. Do not let them gather dust. Fresh air is the best preventative of books and for this reason public libraries have their books in the open, but where one has a bookcase the doors should be used. Several times a week the books are referred to, and at such times fresh air wends itself into the bookcase and between the volumes. If the books are not kept in a bookcase, do not hang a curtain over them, thus depriving the room of its chief ornament and the eyes one of their chief delights. The titles should be well displayed, so that they may be readily recognized.

Finally, one should read his own books in preference to other books. The temptation comes to read from the public library or books borrowed from a neighbor, but one should remember if he or she reads another book it will not be at hand to refer to at some future time, and that after use may be the valuable part of the reading. A book from one's own shelves that has been read becomes at once a noble friend perpetually at one's side. No collector of books reads every book he or she has, but every reader should read enough to form a speaking acquaintanceship with them so that they can be consulted with confidence whenever the need arises.

With this in mind, remember a person is judged by the books he or she reads quite as much as by friends and associates. What one reads is reflected in what one says. Read good books.

CHAPTER V

PRETENSE AND LEARNING

THERE is real humor in the exclamatory statements of so-called educated persons, sometimes. Certain remarks attributed to them by newspapers are often amusing, especially when we remember the person quoted is supposed to be above the average intellectually. The fault is not that of the school or college, but rather that of the individual. Recall your school days and ask yourself how often during the vacation period you opened a text-book, whether you ever thought of biology or history during the summer season of rest. Many of us must confess we "went through" semester after semester and before the vacation period had ended were oblivious of practically all that had been learned before, save as one naturally takes on a little wisdom as the years pass on.

Say you are about twenty-seven and out of college or university several years. You could not have received a diploma unless you had studied history—ancient, modern, and mediaeval. Yet it is safe to say that you cannot tell what Melanchthon was—whether he was a painter, a warrior, a diplomat or a dramatic poet. Every high school senior studying history as well as other subjects has squandered magnificent, golden blocks of time if nothing has been retained. It is what you learn and remember that counts. The things one learns in youth will prove pearls of price in later years, if he is sufficiently wise to store them for future use.

But the matter of considering one's self educated does not take residence in former high school or college men alone; quite a few who never saw inside a seat of academic learning style themselves well posted—dare give pointers on government to a Bismarck or jurisprudence to a Gladstone. A hand-to-mouth mental existence on a haphazard diet of newspapers and light novels leaves both the lethargic ex-graduate and lazily-inclined reader in a quandary if some writer should refer to Huss of Wyclif, for the simple reason that the reader had been indolent in regard to discipline of the mind. Not every person reads intelli-

gently books on important questions affecting his own social, physical, intellectual or moral existence.

Just what constitutes a practical, working knowledge of, say, history, is probably a matter of conjecture. There are certain basic facts which a person should not only once learn but should forever remember. There are many people who could not tell for freedom's sake who John Wesley was, but they would know tonight if "Babe" knocked a two-bagger today. Some of your acquaintances can talk tennis or billiards, but they are quite vague about Catherine II or Peter the Great. Are you up on Garibaldi or Cavour, or are you wearing a false front of culture? Of course, every American, educated or not, knows the date of the Declaration of Independence, and has some knowledge of the character and deeds of Washington. Yet it is reported that someone recently did not know whether it was George Washington or Washington Irving who was at Valley Forge, whether Thomas Jefferson or Jefferson Davis signed the Declaration of Independence! During the World war everybody sang of the manner in which Washington crossed the Delaware, but ask your companion when he forded the stream and the answer comes not trippingly to the tongue.

Not to know the principal events in history is to deny yourself every advantage of intelligent society; it is practically the same thing as being without ordinary means of communication. You may be an expert mathematician, but at an early date you are going to find that while it is not necessary to remember the binominal theorem or the algebraic formula for the contents of a circle, you should at least have a formal acquaintance with Julius Caesar, Hannibal, Charlemagne, Martin Luther, Queen Elizabeth, Louis XIV and Napoleon—and a dozen or so others.

An educated person must speak the language of educated people, so he must be able to give approximately the year of Caesar's Conquest of Gaul, the Battle of Tours, the Crowning of Charlemagne, the Great Crusade, the Fall of Constantinople, Magna Charter, the Battle of Crecy, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Spanish Armada, Fall of the Bastille, the Battle of Waterloo and the Louisiana Purchase. Can you tell when or why the Seven Years' War, the Thirty Years' War or the Hundred Years' War took place? Apart from their names the average high school graduate knows practically nothing about Gustavus Adolphus, Catherine de Medici or Camille Desmoulins—probably knew, but

has forgotten. Who knows when printing was invented—before or after the Reformation? When was that?

At a dinner given in Louisville not long ago somebody mentioned Conrad II. One of the guests hazarded the opinion that he had died in the year 1330. This would undoubtedly have passed muster but for a learned-looking person farther down the table who deprecatingly remarked: "I do not like to correct you, but I think Conrad the Second died in 1337!" The impression created on the assembly cannot be overstated. Later in the smoking room a friend ventured to compliment the wise one, saying, "Why, I never even heard of Conrad the Second!" "Nor I either," he answered shamelessly, though the assembly thought him the best read person there. Considering that nobody at the dinner could guess nearer than 300 years when the king-emperor gave up the ghost, one might guess the intellectual equipment of that brilliant gathering.

Nor is this nonchalance toward knowledge confined entirely to an ignorance of history. Take literature—the classics and the literary immortelles. Shakespeare is to a large number a closed book; that is to say, as someone put it, the "greatest writer America ever produced!" The Brotherhood of Educated Man has lay members who never dipped into Chaucer, Kant, Shopenhauer or Keats.

The dean of Radcliffe College who happened to be sitting behind two of her graduates while attending a performance several years ago of Parker's deservedly popular play, "Disraeli," overheard one of them say to the other: "You know, I couldn't remember whether Disraeli was in the Old or the New Testament; and I looked in both and couldn't find him in either!" Which recalls an incident in a Texas newspaper office eight years ago when a staff member said to a group discussing poetry, "I have 'The Rubaiyat.'" One stepped forward. "No you haven't," he said. "You simply have a bad cold!"

A good many younger and older folks who can play a winning lead in Five Hundred and argue earnestly that we must have a protective tariff to keep prices from coming down, are not sure that stillicide is not a crime and the Book of Ruth a biography of "Babe." The delinquency is not a violation of law, but a misfortune, like that of the man who thought Sophocles was something to eat and Pterodactyl a new style of player piano. It may be information to some to learn that Gibbon's

"Rome" is not from the pen of the late Cardinal. In a neighboring state a person was found who thought "Victor Hugo" was written by Les Miserables—and he pronounced it "Less Miserabells!" To prove this is not an isolated though horrible example, a member of the New York legislature thought Dante was a baseball player.

Please do not laugh. The most illustrious example of dazzling ignorance was supplied by an august senator of the United States during the hearings in the steel strike. William Z. Foster was on the witness stand, a self-educated man who had risen from poverty and ignorance to leadership in a great labor movement and the knowledge of several languages. Senator Thomas Sterling of South Dakota was asking questions, trying to tangle the witness. "What is your theory of government?" the senator asked Foster. "It is about the same as that of Lester F. Ward," was Foster's reply. "Who is Lester F. Ward?" asked the senator. That question is about the same as if in a congress of biology someone had asked "Who is Charles Darwin?" For Lester F. Ward is America's greatest sociologist, the peer of Herbert Spencer in that field. Ward's "Pure Sociology" was an undiscovered island in Senator Sterling's mental geography.

The other week a young woman went into a book store and asked for a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress." As the bookseller turned to look over his shelves, she added: "I should like to have an edition with a picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims." She was a school teacher and she wanted to show the picture to her class. She thought Bunyan's work must be a history of the Mayflower trip, though almost anyone could have told her a picture of the Pilgrims' landing would have been as much out of place in Bunyan's famous work as a Holstein in a ceramic emporium.

An incident is related where a gentleman from Massachusetts was arguing in the lower house in favor of women's rights. In citing an authority he said "Go to Ibsen." The next day a representative replied that he had searched a gazetteer and an atlas of the world, "and I desire to state emphatically there is no such place." A congressman—or was it a senator?—is credited with saying: "It is very well for the erudite gentleman from Indiana in his rhetorical flights to cry out: 'Get your Keats,' but I should like to hear when we can get them." Still worse, however, was this from another: "Although I agree with

the gentleman from Illinois as to the need of preparedness, I must object to his remark that it would revive the 'glories of a Homer.' This is too serious a subject to be discussed in the jargon of a baseball diamond."

The story is told of an eastern senator's interruption of an Oklahoma member's speech in that august body, though its ridiculous display of abysmal ignorance seems almost incredible. "I dislike to interrupt the gentleman from Oklahoma," said the man from New York, "but when he declares on the floor of this house that he accepts a certain doctrine because he found it in the writing of Herbert Spencer, I would inform him that no system of penmanship can make such economic heresies acceptable."

A visitor in an Alabama city went into a book store and noticed Willa Cather's book of short stories, entitled "The Troll Garden," on a shelf labeled "Horticulture." At a newspaper office a short while afterward he remarked to a bookworm that the volume was ludicrously indexed. "That's nothing," said the omnivorous reader. "A woman went into the same store the other day and asked for Christopher North's 'Noctes Amrosiane' and was told that 'We keep no musical books.' " There is no denying that as a class we are woefully ignorant in the field of literature.

Most of us have not even a bowing acquaintance with music, poetry, or politics. We are content to murmur vague ecstasies over Caruso, without being aware who wrote the opera or what it is all about. Let us confess that we know almost nothing of orchestration or even the names of the different instruments. We may not even be sure of what is meant by counterpoint or the difference between a fugo and an appeggio. Go to a recital and see how young and old bow approvingly, though often they are as parlous of an understanding of the numbers on the program as a troglodyte of trigonometry. And it is about the same with art.

J. Pierpont Morgan goes to Washington frequently to consult a famous medical specialist. Almost invariably he visits an art store on Fifteenth street, opposite the treasury. Recently he came out of the store followed by a footman, the latter carrying a small painting Mr. Morgan had purchased. A practical joker who chanced to recognize him had an inspiration. Hurrying to a telephone he called up the central police station and reported:

"J. Pierpont Morgan is at Fifteenth and F streets, and he's got the Mona Lisa." "What did you say he had?" asked the sergeant, who was on the desk. "The Mona Lisa." "For the love of Mike," exclaimed the sergeant. "Carry him into the drug store at the corner and I'll send the ambulance."

CHAPTER VI

THE GIFT OF MEMORY

"He lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy."

MEN AND women are dowered with manifold gifts, whose proper employment make their starry names shine in the firmament of history. Moses had a genius for law, and so did Gladstone; Joshua for war; David for psalmody; Angelo for sculpture; Shakespeare for rhythms; Beethoven for harmonies; Webster for eloquence. But all of these had another gift which was the mainspring of their success or greatness, and that gift was a powerful memory.

Nearly everyone has felt the need of a stronger memory. On various occasions the ability to recollect something as it really was or quote a fact once read proves to be of inestimable value. A good memory is to be prized.

How fickle is the memory of man! On a recent Sunday evening a number of young people caught a minister's sermon over the radio. The next morning two listeners-in were commenting upon the distinctness of the speaker's voice in the presence of a third who had not heard the sermon. Whereupon the latter asked who delivered the sermon, its subject and the principal points. Neither could recall the preacher's name, his topic, nor a portion of the discussion.

If you attend church services, on the way home ask your companion if he or she remembers the text. It might embarrass your friend. But suppose you were in turn asked the number of the first song sung? That might be embarrassing, too.

Shortly after the World war began Irvin S. Cobb interviewed Lord Kitchener in London. The interview was of a casual nature. Cobb taking no notes. When the great war reporter's story appeared in the newspapers, the effect was contrary to what the British general anticipated. He immediately sent out a denial, saying in substance that he had been misquoted and the famous war correspondent twisted the facts. Somewhat of a controversy

ensued, but Cobb finally won out even though he confessed no notes were taken and he relied entirely upon his memory. "But I have a fairly good memory," the famous writer said. In this connection, it is doubtful if Irvin S. Cobb has ever forgotten anything he has read or seen. The reach and positiveness with which he can remember it is frequently commented upon.

Dr. E. E. Violette of Kansas City, has a giant memory. It is said that he has the New Testament by heart. Evening after evening Dr. Violette has been seen to open his Bible at the epistle lesson, then step to the side and give it word for word from memory. His snatches of song and poetry, his great fund of illustrative material, are all at tongue's end. Fifteen minute prose quotations such as the third act of Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII" are delightfully easy for the famous preacher.

But many ministers of the gospel have trained and developed their memories through the pulpit. Other living examples include Dr. Frederick F. Shannon, successor to the late Dr. Frank W. Gunsalus, as pastor of Central church in Chicago, and Dr. R. A. Torrey, famed evangelist now of Los Angeles. Dr. Torrey's wealth of stories fitting every occasion make his auditors marvel how so much information could be indexed within the brain.

Elbert Hubbard had an exceptionally strong memory. The famous psychologist, Hugo Munsterberg, was equally gifted. On page 40 in the book "On the Witness Stand," Professor Munsterberg says: "During the last eighteen years I have delivered about three thousand university lectures. For those three thousand coherent addresses I had not once a single written or printed line or any notes whatever on the platform; and yet there has never been a moment when I have had to stop for a name or for the connection of thought. My memory serves me rather generously."

A young Corsican became noted for his power of memory, and a judge proposed a test to which he instantly consented. The judge dictated Latin, Greek, and all kinds of names, not any one of them being dependable on the other. He became weary with dictating, and the boy tired of writing them off. He then told the young man he would be satisfied if he could repeat half of what had been given. In a few seconds he began, and repeated the names in the very same order they were set down, without any hesitation. Then beginning at the last, he recited them all backward to the first. Then he named the first, third, fifth, and

in that order repeated all. His memory was so retentive that he could repeat anything entrusted to it a year after, with perfect accuracy.

No, allusion is not to Napoleon. Still Napoleon had a powerful memory, a remarkable faculty for mental reproduction of impressions or thoughts. For facts, events, his memory was prodigious. On the battlefield it was characteristic of him to read a message once or twice, then destroy it; but the essential facts were stored in memory's chest for future reference.

When Napoleon was in exile at Elba, he left the chateau one day to mingle with a crowd in the courtyard. Noticing an old man who wore a red ribbon in his buttonhole, Napoleon went up to him and said: "Are you not Jacques Dumont?" Too much surprised to reply at once, the veteran at length faltered, "Yes, my lord; yes, general; yes, yes, sire!" The exile then asked, "You were with me in Egypt?" Dumont brought his hand to the salute as he replied affirmatively:

"You were wounded; it seems to me a long time ago?" Napoleon continued. "At the battle of Trebbia, sir." The veteran by this time was shaking with emotion, and all the crowd clustered thickly about these two. "My name! To remember my name fifteen years!" the old man repeated over and over. The incident created a great deal of excitement on the little island.

Richard Porson, the noted English Greek scholar and critic of the last half of the eighteenth century possessed a giant memory from childhood. When he was a boy at school he was accosted by another boy while walking forward for a lesson. "Porson, what have you got there?" the boy inquired. "Horace," came the answer. Porson's fellow student then asked to look at the book, and the request was granted. Pretending to return it, he substituted another, with which young Porson proceeded. Being called on by the master, he read and construed *Carm. I. X.* very regularly. Observing the class to laugh, the master said, "Porson, you seem to be reading on one side of your page while I am looking at the other; pray whose edition have you?" Porson hesitated. "Let me have it," rejoined the master, who to his great surprise, found it to be an English Ovid. Porson was ordered to go on, which he did easily and correctly.

The power of acquisition is usually stronger in early life, is materially diminished in middle age, and is still less in old age.

Irvin Cobb recently declared his "Old Judge Priest" stories were based on impressions formed or incidents occurring before he reached his thirty-fifth birthday.

It is said that in his youth Theodore Parker could repeat a hymn from once hearing it read. In mature years he acquired one hundred and fifty lines of blank verse by a single reading, so as to be able to repeat it. His ease of acquisition seems to have been confined to poetical compositions, and is an exception to the rule of memory's fading with the years. Another exception was Theodore Beza, French reformer and Calvinistic theologian of the sixteenth century who could repeat the Scriptures in Greek at the age of eighty.

Nicholas Ridley and Thomas Chanmer learned the New Testament by heart, the former committing much of it to memory while walking through his orchard. Theodosius the younger could repeat any part of the Scriptures exactly. It is said of Tertullian, an early Latin father of the church, that he devoted his nights and days to the study of the Bible, and got much of it so perfectly that he knew its punctuation. Thomas Vincent had the New Testament and Psalms committed to memory. Bishop John Jewells of Salisbury could repeat his sermons word for word after writing them. Henry Ward Beecher was scarcely less noted for his power of memory than his eloquence.

The Rev. Thomas Fuller, English preacher and author of the seventeenth century could dictate to five writers at the same time on as many subjects. Napoleon could direct three officers at the same time. It was comparatively easy for Julius Caesar to add two columns of figures at the same moment.

James C. Blaine was one of the most versatile men of his time. He had one extraordinary gift, which is said to belong only to kings; he never forgot anyone. "Years after an introduction," says Chauncey Depew in "My Memories of Eighty Years," "he would recall where he had first met the stranger and remember his name." Mr. Depew adds that "this compliment made that man Blaine's friend for life."

Daniel Webster had a faculty for remembering his written addresses. He never used notes, yet his speeches were perfect in structure, language and rhetoric. "It is my memory," he said when someone asked how he did it. "I can prepare a speech, revise and correct it in my memory, and then deliver the corrected speech exactly as finished."

Joseph Scaliger, noted French philologist and chronologist who lived some three hundred years ago, developed a wonderful memory through constant application. In twenty-one days he committed to memory the whole of Homer's works, the Iliads, containing 31670 verses and the Odysseys about the same. Hortensius, one of the greatest orators of ancient Rome, sat a whole day at a public sale and then correctly enunciated, from memory, all the things sold, their prices, and the names of their purchasers.

Cyrus the younger is reported to have known the name of each of the ten thousand Greeks he led against his brother, Artaxerxes II, and Themistocles could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Neibuhr, the historian, was not less distinguished for his memory than for his acuteness. In his youth he was employed by one of the offices of Denmark. Part of the book of accounts having been destroyed, he restored it by an effort of memory. The ability to do such a thing stamps one as extraordinary.

Ben Johnson, the well known English dramatist, said that he could repeat all that he had ever written, and whole books that he had read. Edmund Burke, Edward Gibbon and John Locke were all distinguished for strength of memory. But for intellectual charm of the highest order, none were more celebrated than Grotius and Pascal; and Grotius and Pascal forgot nothing that they had ever read or thought. Leibnitz and Euler, the former German and the latter Swiss, both famed mathematicians, were not less celebrated for their intelligence than for their ability to preserve facts; and both could repeat the whole of "Aeneid."

The story is told that Voltaire was to read to Frederick the Great of Prussia a poem of considerable length, which he had just composed. After he had finished reading, the king remarked only, "That poem is stolen; I have heard it before." "That is impossible," said the poet. Frederick the Great said he could prove it, and sent for a man who, to the great confusion of Voltaire, repeated the poem word for word. The person had been placed behind a screen, and from once hearing the poem was able to repeat it correctly.

Many librarians have memories that enable them to carry in their list long list of titles of books, of the names of the authors, and even of the numbers of the books. Long practice,

of course, has given them this accomplishment. In some cases it amounts to downright genius.

One of the most extraordinary instances of that ability is to be found in the case of Antonio Magliabecchi, librarian of the grand duke Cosimo III of France. It is said that if a priest wished to compose a panegyric on a saint and came to Magliabecchi, the librarian would tell him all the references to the saint in literature, even to the parts of the different works wherein they were to be found. He could often quote as many as a hundred writers.

Magliabecchi could tell not only who had treated a subject fairly, but also who had touched upon it incidentally in writing upon other subjects. It is related that when Magliabecchi visited other libraries his memory was so remarkable that he needed to see and consult a book only once in its place to fix everything about it permanently in his mind.

One day the grand duke sent for the librarian to ask whether he could get for him a book that was decidedly rare. "I am sorry, your grace," replied Magliabecchi, "but there is only one copy in the world. That is in the library of the grand seignior at Constantinople. It is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right as you enter."

No less remarkable was Carneades, Greek orator and philosopher. His memory was so retentive, that he could repeat the entire contents of a library with as much ease as if he were reading out of the books themselves. As someone has said, "his mind was wax to receive and marble to retain."

CHAPTER VII

REPARTEE

REPARTEE is a gift, a bestowal conferred by favor of nature. It is an endowment, not an acquirement; for a man may know a library and yet have a slow tongue. As a gift then, the man in the street may have a tongue's end the clever retort the comfortable gentleman employs, though the latter's reply is more thoroughly polished and academic. Regardless of who possesses the gift, it must be confessed the power of a ready reply is very convenient on various occasions—the quick, sharp, witty, cutting or severe reply which turns the first speaker's statement or argument against him or encounters it. For instance, is served Catherine Parr to the extent of saving her fair head when she was on the eve of being tried for her life. By quick repartee and a ready compliment to Henry VIII, who possessed vanity in its grossest form, she so flattered and delighted his majesty that he spared her life to the surprise of everybody in the kingdom.

“A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!” roared Richard III as the play neared its end in an eastern theatre last November. A wag in the gallery shouted. “Wouldn't a donkey do for you?” And the quick reply came back, “Yes, come around to the stage door!” This recalls an amusing incident that occurred during President Grant's administration. A man named Bedell had written a solemn, highly audable history of Grant's career. One night he went, with the President, to Billy Birch's minstrel show, in one of the Washington theaters. As the end man, Billy recited a little joke on President Grant himself, who did not hesitate to laugh at it. But Bedell hissed. Billy Birch tiptoed to the footlights, cocked his head on one side and looked directly at the White House party. Then he turned to the audience and remarked, “Ah! I see we have a hiss-torian among us this evening!” The following is an even better example of the common joker: “What might your name be?” “It might be Smith, but it isn't?”

In one of his books—“In the Spotlight”—the late Elbert Hubbard tells of having visited a vaudeville show in Chicago on

amateur night. The first number on the program was a pretty girl who tried to sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" She announced the name of the song and at once a voice from the gallery came back, "Here I am, mammy!" Next came a Dutchman who began a monologue with, "Boys, I vendt a-fishing last veek and vot do you tink I got?" "The hook!" came back the stentorian answer from the king of the gallery. Though coarse, these retorts are undeniably expressions of quick thought and perception.

A few years ago Helen Keller, the famous blind author-lecturer, spoke in Garig hall at Baton Rouge, La. Upon closing her address Miss Keller announced she would answer any questions of interest relating to her life. "Can you tell colors by touch?" someone inquired. "Yes, I can feel blue," she replied as laughter swept the auditorium.

Secretary Daniels had the gift of the happy retort, as he showed in London several years ago when someone was twitting him about his views of prohibition and the absence of a rum ration in the American navy. "Do you think your navy fights better when it lacks spirits?" Mr. Daniels was asked. "Certainly," was the reply, "A navy naturally fights better on water."

When Oscar Wilde was lecturing in this country he became indignant one night and declared, "All of you here are Philistines mere Philistines." "Yes," retorted one old fellow, "we are all Philistines, and that is why we are being insulted with the jawbone of an ass!" It was a clever one on the author of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

Tom Reed, speaker of the House for many years, was never at a loss for a rejoinder. When a member once in attempting to justify his position exclaimed, "I would rather be right than be president," Reed instantly replied, "You'll never be either," borrowed though it was.

Richard Sheridan, Irish dramatist and politician, was arrested one night for maudlin drunkenness. When asked his name he answered thickly "Wilberfore"—that being the name of England's pioneer prohibitionist. William Wilberforce, it might be related, had a witty sister who was as active in political circles as he. She hustled for William, and succeeded in getting him elected to parliament. On one occasion when she had concluded her stump speech some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted, "Miss Wilberforce forever." The lady hurriedly stepped forward,

"Gentlemen, I thank you, but I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever!"

Who has not heard of Mary Worthington Montague, high-born dame of brilliant wit, known as the introducer into Europe of the vaccination practice? Her high breeding once manifested itself in a rather famous repartee. Some daring person having ventured to remark to the Lady Mary that her hands were dirty, that courageous patrician retorted daintily, "You ought to see my feet!"

The name of Frederick the Great recalls days of old-fashioned kingship, when things occurred at which history finds a moment's amusement. It is narrated that on one occasion when Frederick was walking along the streets of Potsdam, he fell in with a company of schoolboys; he thought they were truant. "Boys, what are you doing here?" he asked, and before a reply could be made exclaimed, "Get yourselves to school this instant!" Then one of the lads sent back at his majesty the answer: "Oh, you are the king, you are, and don't know that this is a holiday!" Frederick accepted the situation, joined heartily in the laugh at his own expense and gave to the boys some coins from his own pockets.

Senator "Pat" Harrison of Mississippi was addressing the Senate when he was interrupted by the late Senator "Tom" Watson of Georgia. "Is the junior Senator from Mississippi a lawyer?" inquired Senator Watson. "I used to be, before I began associating with you fellows," was Harrison's response.

William Pitt, the greatest Englishman of his generation, was severely criticized for appointing General James Wolfe to lead the Quebec expedition. "Pitt's new general is mad," said ex-Premier Newcastle. "Mad, is he?" returned Pitt; "then I hope he will bite some other of my generals." This brings to mind President Lincoln's remark about General Grant. Being informed that Grant sometimes drank, he expressed a desire to know the brand of whiskey Grant used, as he wished to give it to some of the other generals.

Henry Clay was a man of ready wit, and he often astonished his friends by his answers. One day while at a Philadelphia hotel he was called on by John W. Forney, editor of *The Press*, in company with Edwin Forrest, the actor. It was just after the general debates in the Senate on the Omnibus bill, and these debates soon became the topic of conversation, especially the

opposition Clay had encountered from Soule, of Louisiana. Whereupon Clay exclaimed, "Soule is no orator! He is nothing but an actor, a mere actor!" No sooner had he said this than he realized the presence of Forrest, the actor, and turning to him, added, "I mean, my dear sir, a French actor, a mere French actor." Clay was a hard drinker for many years, profane and overbearing at times, and he had one other fault—gambling. He was known as a "gentleman gambler." Someone asked Mrs. Clay if her husband's gambling did not worry and trouble her. "Oh, no," she said, "he most always wins."

A Virginia lawyer once objected to an expression of the Act of Assembly of Pennsylvania, that the State House yard should be "surrounded by a brick wall and remain an open enclosure forever." "But," said Judge Breckenridge, who was present, "I put him down by that Act of the Legislature of Virginia which is entitled, 'A supplement to an Act to amend an Act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked hog.'"

A jovial Jack Tar saw an announcement in an ironmonger's show window as follows: "Iron Sinks." For sheer sport he went in and told the man he knew that iron sank. "Yes," said the man, "and time flies, but grass slopes, and music stands; Niagara Falls, moonlight walks, sheep run, and holiday trips; scandal spreads, standard weights, India rubber tires, the organ stops and the whole world goes round; trade returns." The bluejacket bolted. Then he returned, put his head in at the door, and remarked: "Yes, I know; and marble busts, coal chutes, Robert Burns and kindling wood!"

It is related of Sir Walter Scott that, when in Ireland, he had occasion to give sixpence to a poor man for opening a gate or some such passing service. Finding after much search among his silver that he had nothing less than a shilling, he handed it to the man with the observation, "I only intended to give you half this sum, and therefore remember you owe me sixpence." Murphy's instant reply was, "Oh, bless your honor! May you live till I pay you!"

Everyone has sympathy for the school teacher who is cut off from dignified leisure of a long summer holiday, when during vacation he finds himself compelled to earn a few extra dollars by amateur bricklaying in order to appease the rapacity of landlords and provisioners. Recently a noted educator deplored the fact that the average teacher's salary compared unfavorably with

that of other professions where like intelligence is required. The speaker had made his point when an enthusiastic listener exclaimed, "Long live the professor!" "What on!" instantly asked the professor.

But of all the professions perhaps none has more wits than the clergy. Many who wear the white necktie are the wittiest of men, witty merely because of sheer native brilliance which surpasses all ordinary standards in swift perception and happy expression. When Sidney Smith was asked by Landseer the animal painter to sit for his picture, the jocular divine answered in the language of Hazael to Elisha, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?" Gypsy Smith was conducting meetings in New York City, and he asked some young fellows outside the church to attend the service. A gay chap remarked, "Oh, no, they're all women in there." The evangelist was not without a characteristic reply. "Come with me to jail," said Gypsy Smith; "they're all men there."

A man stepped up to Henry Ward Beecher one day and said: "Sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss the question with you. I am also an annihilist; I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank goodness for that," said Beecher as he walked off and left the man dazed.

During a debate between an atheist and Christian minister, the former finally announced from the platform that he could actually prove from Scripture the non-existence of a Supreme Being. Sure enough, he snatched the Bible from the preacher's hand and turned to the first verse of the Fourteenth Psalm and read, "There is no God." "Hold on!" exclaimed the preacher, "read the first part of that verse, 'The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.''"

"Away and mock the time with fairest show;

False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

Many, many years ago an incident occurred in a Paducah newspaper office which it is in a way pertinent to relate here. The editor has been aroused by a change made in his editorial, and in his rage wrote a note to the printer in the composing room who had set the article. The note read: "The editor thinks the printer is suffering from mental lethargy." The old compositor adjusted his glasses and scanned the editor's message. Then he took his pencil, punctuated it, and returned it, reading, "The editor, thinks the printer, is suffering from mental lethargy!" It

was a clever reply, characteristic of that department of newspapers in which were produced men like Benjamin Franklin, Elbert Hubbard, Joseph Pulitzer, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Horace Greeley, Warren G. Harding and a score of others of the world's colossi—printers all.

It was at a Methodist conference where Bishop Fowler was presiding. Dr. J. M. Buckley, the author, tried to get the floor and was ruled down by the bishop. Dr. Buckley said in a rather loud aside, "Lord, deliver us from the snare of the Fowler." The bishop overheard, and leaning forward said, "What is that you said? Now please finish that quotation, 'and from the noisome pestilence!'" turning the laugh on the doctor.

Dr. Hume Nesbit, Scottish author and artist, and president of Dickinson college at Carlisle, one morning met a brother professor and complained of a ringing in his head. "Do you know what that is a sign of? No? It is a sign your head is hollow." "What," said Dr. Nisbet, "doesn't your head ever ring? No? Then it is a sign it is cracked."

In "The Americanization of Edward Bok" the author tells of a letter Henry Ward Beecher received from a man who expressed disappointment in the famous preacher and declared Beecher "made an ass of himself" at the Sunday morning service; the critic called the sermon a "political harangue, with no reason of cohesion in it." The well known preacher replied he was sorry he advertised himself in that manner. "I have just one consolation," he added, "and that is that you did not make an ass of yourself. The Lord did that."

Some time ago a member of the Senate sent Senator Hiram Johnson a note, saying he was glad when the Californian had finished an address, and declaring Johnson "was an ass." Turning the note over, he wrote on the back and returned it reading, "Thank you for the information. Yours fraternally."

The Rev. Dr. W. M. Closs had a reputation for his dry wit, which made him an interesting conversationalist. Before he had been dubbed a D. D. a friend asked him why some college had not made him a Doctor of Divinity. He replied: "Because my divinity does not need doctoring."

The beloved Bishop John H. Vincent, who by establishing summer schools originated the Chautauqua idea, was keen in retort and was known for his scintillating wit. On one occasion Bishop Vincent was introducing Dr. Henson, a man as clever as

he. "Tonight we have a lecture on Fools by one (and then he paused) of the wisest men in our land." Dr. Henson arose saying, "I am not so great a fool as Dr. Vincent (and then paused) takes me to be!" The audience roared, and under the speaker's magic was held in pleasant mood throughout the lecture.

Isaac Barrow, English theologian and scholar, professor of mathematics at Cambridge just before Newton, was keen as a razor; his repartees were quick, spontaneous, overwhelming. Earl Rochester was a dissolute figure at the court of Charles II when this polite skirmish occurred: "I am yours to the knee buckles," said Rochester. The English divine replied, "I am yours to the shoe tie." "I am yours to the ground," said the Earl. "Yours, my lord, to the center of the earth," continued Barrow. "Yours, doctor, to the lowest pit of hell," said Rochester. "There, my lord, I must leave you," rejoined the witty theologian.

About 1843 the Millerites believed the world was coming to an end and even set the day and had their ascension robes ready. The story is told that one of these cranks was expounding his doctrine in an omnibus before Holmes and Emerson. "What matter to me," said Holmes, "I live in Boston." "Well," Emerson came back in a dry tone, "let the old world go; we can get along without it." They evidently believed with Cato in Addison's tragedy—

"Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

CHAPTER VIII

FUN IN NEWSPAPER ERRORS

"Forgive, son;
Men are men, they needs must err."

GROTESQUE and laugh provoking—what is funnier than a typographical error in a newspaper? Some of the finest jokes extant come through the fact that the printer's finger slips. Usually, these mistakes or "breaks" are funny a long, long time afterward—never at the time. For instance, several years ago a newspaper was threatened with suit because an article was printed about a prima donna being engaged as a screen star to act in the movies. A typographical error made the heading read, "Scream Star Was Once Singer." To be sure, there was considerable excitement in the editor's sanctum before the vocalist could be pacified. Yet, no one detests the sight of an error more than the editor himself. If someone could invent or suggest a way to forever do away with mistakes—could make infallible the columns of a newspaper—the editor would probably feel constrained to give that individual a loving cup and every community would feel like naming streets in his honor.

There is no getting away from it, newspaper slips are sometimes terrible. Somehow, everybody sees the incongruous, the ridiculous, the preposterous. When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference, or at least has not the necessary information or facts at hand to call him to book. If a doctor makes a mistake he buries it. When an electrician errs in judgment he blames it on "induction" because no one knows what it is. Should a judge make a mistake it becomes the law of the land. If a plumber fails in some pipe-jointing he charges twice for it. But if the newspaper printer errs in print, the offended will not forgive and the public cannot forget.

Suppose your name is Haskle. Would you not feel a bit peeved should you find in a local paper that an "R" had inadvertently placed itself where an "H" ought to be? You would certainly not be able to extract as much amusement from such

an incident as your neighbors; but your position would be no more embarrassing than that of an American who had been for a tour around the world and found himself much annoyed with a report of his return. The report ended: "His numerous friends are surprised that he is unchanged!" He sped to the newspaper office and in his fury could have grabbed the ulotrichous editor by his wolly hair, but learned that the offender was the compositor, who, in setting up the report had omitted the letter "c," thus substituting the word "unchanged" for "unchanged," which the reporter had written. Only recently a somewhat elaborated personal telling of a young lady's visit and departure said "she made many fiends while here," the fact that an "r" failed in the personal noun giving the sentence an entirely different meaning than that intended.

A Buffalo paper, in describing the scene when Roosevelt took the oath of office as President, said it was a spectacle never to be forgotten when Roosevelt, before the chief justice of the Supreme Court and a few witnesses, took his simple bath—meaning oath, of course. But perhaps the most unfortunate error protruded itself from the columns of a Bridgeport, Conn., newspaper last August, in the description of a wedding. It read: "The bride carried an arm bouquet of punk roses." "Pink" was the word intended, but it seems the gods are powerless in the hands of the printer. Else, how can one account for a display line in an advertisement reading, "We shot the entire family," when "shoe" is more profitable and healthful?

Less tragic, but nearly as embarrassing, was the experience of a reporter who had been assigned to "cover" the outdoor end of a fashionable church wedding. He described the throng of uninvited guests that had clustered about the awning in hope of gaining a glimpse of the bridal pair as they emerged from the church to enter a waiting automobile, and he recorded the result in the following words: "The comely bride was quickly swept from sight by the eager groom." But the pitiless type set it forth thus: "The homely bride was quickly swept from sight by the eager broom." One's sympathy for the reporter is lessened, however, by the fact that he applied to a newly married man a term should be confined to a house maid.

Only those who have gone through an operation which is fresh in the memory can appreciate the gravity—and humor—of a "break" in an Oklahoma daily. "Mr. Blank, who was operated

on for appendicitis," read an item in the western paper, "is rapidly recovering. His many friends hope to see him out again soon." The same paper shortly afterward intended to state that the windows on a certain street in the town needed washing, and the "n" was omitted in "windows."

But the widows did not have nearly as much of a grievance against the printers as the clergyman in the eastern part of Kentucky who preached on the subject, "The Cup in Joseph's Sack." The town weekly's linotype operator made the reverend gentleman talk about "The Cup in Joseph's Sock." If the widows and this clergyman have cause for protest, so has the Louisville pastor who took for his text "The Broken Net." Imagine his chagrin upon seeing the announcement in a daily that he would preach about "The Broken Neck!" Indeed, it became necessary on one occasion for a minister to make explanation of an error appearing on tickets for an entertainment with which he was charged with having printed. "I wish it to be thoroughly understood," said the preacher to his congregation on Sunday, "that the pulpit is not responsible for the printer's error which occurs on the tickets for the Sunday school children's entertainment. The affair is for the benefit of the arch fund—not the arch fiend!"

More than one citizen of Paducah remembers the write-up of a social event which occurred at Wallace park several years ago. It was proven in this case that the error was the fault of an excited reporter. In detail he told of the evening's pleasure, but marred the whole society lead when he wrote that "a suspicious gathering was present." Everyone knew "auspicious" was the word intended, and laughed at the "break."

The insertion, omission or substitution of a single letter in a printed word, or transposition of letters and even whole lines of type as shown above is, then, the cause of much merriment and laughter—years afterward. "Our delicious canned meats from the best houses," was the way the advertiser wrote the line. "From the best horses" was the way it appeared in the paper, and complainant was justified in becoming infuriated. "Thousands of our patrons are wearing trousers of our make," and the tailors who so advertised had reason to be angry when the printer made the fourth word of their announcement read "matrons."

An English railway company advertised requesting owners of unclaimed goods to remove same. "Come forward and pay the

awful charges on your merchandise," were the final words of the advertisement. One "l" was missing in "lawful," and thus the announcement became a typographical curiosity. A writer, in commending the ability of a lady principal of a girls' school, used this expression: "The reputation for teaching which she bears." But that horrid linotype operator omitted the word "which" and the result created more than a giggle. A theatrical man not long since contemplated writing an article on "Greenwood Cemetery's Dramatic Shrines." A Brooklyn paper announced his intention, and left the "r" out of "shrines." Few people know that Ada Rehan's real name was Crehan. Early in her career her name appeared on a program without the "C"—a typographical error—and she was known ever after as Rehan.

The telephone was partly responsible for a curious error on a ribbon for a wreath, which a mourner intended to place on the grave of a friend. "Please print 'Rest in Peace' on both sides" was the order to the printer over the phone, and the ribbon when finished bore the inscription: "Rest in Peace on Both Sides." This ludicrous error was caused through the printer's ignorance, of course, though the sentence is truly ambiguous. "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined," was the way one linotype operator showed that he was not acquainted with the oft-quoted line from Byron's "Childe Harold."

The chairman of the arrangement committee of the concert sent the copy for the program to the printer. It was put into type, corrected and o. k.'d, and ready for the press. Then the mayor of the town died. When the chairman heard of the death he decided that the concert should open with Chopin's "Funeral March" as a mark of respect. He accordingly called the printer on the telephone and asked if it were possible to add an item at the beginning of the program. The printer asked: "What's the item?" The chairman replied: "'Funeral March' by Chopin." One can imagine the agonizing look on the committeeman's face as he beheld the finished product of the printer on the night of the concert, for the opening item on the program read: "A few remarks by Chopin!"

An item appearing in a San Francisco newspaper about eight years ago sounds like a joke, but those who tell about it vouch for its authenticity. The error might have been the printer's though it seems the reporter was guilty in this case. "Where do you intend to reside after your marriage to Mr. Hardup?" Miss

Millionbucks was asked by the reporter, just previous to the wedding. "At the Old Manse," she replied. And the paper the next day printed this paragraph: "Mr. Hardup and bride, the former Miss Millionbucks, daughter of A. Millionbucks, will reside at the old man's after they return from their honeymoon."

In a two-column article commending the department of agriculture head for a position he took with reference to some matter in question, the statement appeared in a St. Louis paper that he was a busy man "outlying the department's policy." The word "outlining" was meant, and through the mistake an entirely different meaning was conveyed. Recently a Paducah paper printed what purported to be a balanced ration of summer reading, and the list on psychology included "Outwitting Our Negroes" (Jackson)." The next day an apology appeared for "Outwitting Our Nerves (Jackson)" was intended.

Some years ago a certain dramatic critic on the New York American is said to have turned out such trying manuscript that few composers were able to decipher it. On one occasion he wrote, "Julia Marlowe was a picture of radiant girlhood." That was all right, but the printer could not make out the last two words. He thought they might possibly be a foreign phrase, and he put them in italics, "savrant gallirod." So it sometimes happens that unintelligible copy is the reason for a mistake.

Another instance of poorly written copy causing a blunder, occurred on the New York Recorder. A reporter wrote, "St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians," but the printer made it "Corkonians!" He should have made a better guess, though he did as well as the backwoods school teacher who thought the Straits of Gibraltar an insurance company, or the student who located New York City "on the mouth of the Amazon river." But while the "Corkonian" blunder ruffled those who read it, one can imagine how a prominent minister felt when he saw mention of a whist party in the auditorium of his church. The paper casually mentioned there would be a "whiskey party!"

This "break" recalls one appearing in an eastern paper two years ago, and since it refers to a beverage supposedly forbidden within the three-mile limit, it is possible the same person put it in print. The copy read, "Too near the Bowery." It came out in the paper like this: "Too near the brewery."

In half-forgotten days an old-time printer came across the classic quotation, "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

But the old fellow evidently had never seen it before, else he would not have misinterpreted it so freely. Here is the way it read when the paper came out: "'Tis two 'tis 22; yes 22 'tis two."

In setting forth the features of a Fourth of July celebration the word "illuminating" was used. But after the paper was on the streets it read like a description of a St. Patrick's day parade by a man who was born blind. The sentence set forth: "There will be a rare display of fireworks at night, eliminating the sky." Good-by, up yonder! But that was no worse than the jeweler who was advertising diamond mountings and found that the printer changed the word to "mountains." Nor did he have more reason for complaint than the editor who wrote "unassailable" and found "unassistable" in its stead.

Evidently desiring to be truthful with himself and everybody else, a Mayfield advertiser not long ago imparted the startling information that his establishment carried "the best fakes of phonograph records." But it was not meant that way, for an "f" inadvertently placed itself where an "m" properly belonged. And it took a whole lot of reasoning to convince the advertiser that it was "a mistake, sir; nothing but a mistake."

Yet that was no worse than the Paducah paper which eighteen months ago attempted to pay a highly complimentary remark to a former member of the editorial staff who had returned for a visit after a ten-years' absence. The visitor was known for his writing ability and power of conversation, being abreast of all subjects through intensive reading. The tribute closed by saying "he is an expert conversationalist and has a lie for all occasions." Of course the "n" in the word "line" was omitted through a mechanical fault, and it created more than a giggle.

Many years ago the Toronto World printed side by side, at the bottom of the front page, two items; one was the notice of a scheduled picnic, the other recorded the passing of a prominent citizen. A line at the bottom of one item dropped, and in the hurry of newspaper makeup was slapped back at the foot of the other. The death report appeared the next morning with the following concluding paragraph: "The funeral will take place tomorrow at 2:30 p. m. A very enjoyable time is promised."

A newspaper in southern Wisconsin mixed up a society item with a farm note, and a sorry jumble it was. Here is how the leading society item read that day: "The Red Cross concert

given last night by sixteen of our beautiful young ladies was highly appreciated. They sang in a charming manner, winning the plaudits of the audience, who pronounced them the finest group of short horns in the county. A few of them were rich brown in color, but the majority were spotted red and white. Several of the heifers are fine bodied, tight-limbed animals and promise to prove good property."

Down in Marshall, Texas, there lived a man who manufactured a special product used as an aid in sweeping floors; its ingredients were not many, as usual, but its virtues were multiplied. It was called "Sanitary Floor Sweep." The Messenger of that city carried a two-line reader advertising the remedy, and one day just as the type pages were being closed the editor ran back with an announcement of a new arrival in the community. Incidentally the dust extinguisher reader appeared directly under the birth notice. This is what afforded the evening's joke: "Eloorn, to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, today, a boy, John, Jr." Then came the advertisement: "Kill those germs with Sanitary Floor Sweep."

A printer set up a poster to advertise an address by a militant suffragette. Her subject was, "Woman, Without Her, Man Would Be a Savage." When the speaker called for the posters the proofreader had to leave town suddenly for the punctuation had been changed and the flaming sheets read: "Woman, Without Her Man, Would Be a Savage."

In the old days before typesetting machines made their advent and all type was set by hand, an editor, who had the scarcely readable handwriting that added to Horace Greeley's fame, used the words "harassed editor" in an item. Imagine his surprise to find that the printer made it "harnessed editor." But the old printer probably was right, at that.

When the Kentucky Bar Association planned to meet in Paducah, one paper carried a two-line heading announcing the coming. The last word in the heading had been changed from "July" to "Jail," and the heading read: "State Bar Here Three Days in Jail."

Over at Carthage, Mo., the Carthage Press carried a little mixup that appeared all the more humorous through the circumstances of the child being the first born. The birth notice and the ending of a court case were mysteriously mixed, so that the birth notice ended: "The name selected for the child was passed

up to the jury without argument." A reporter on the New York Herald wrote the sentence: "The heavy ordnance rumbled down the street, flags flying, amid the martial music." The third word was changed to "ordinance"—by someone who evidently "kept the home fires burning" during the World War.

Several years ago an Oklahoma weekly had for its editor one who prided himself for the venom of his pen. Shortly before late Senator William J. Stone ceased electrifying the political atmosphere and passed to to where the pearly gates need not the close watching that political fences do, the editor attacked him for some transgression. After a recitation of every unsatisfactory move the senator had ever made and a general indictment of his whole public career, the half-column article closed by saying the people of Missouri were at last beginning to realize the utter despicability of his methods, and the day could not be distant when "his political skin would drape the back fence." Without so much as a "news dash" separating the calorific editorial from a two-line advertisement, the latter read as follows: "A. J. Ahlwardt pays the highest price for hides and furs."

An example of where the changing of two words made a complete change of persons appeared in the New Yory Herald. A lead editorial had meant to say in part, "have not yet revealed anything of a criminal nature compared in dignity and scientific skill with the operations of the old-fashioned black bugler." For "black bugler" read "bank burglar."

Some months ago the New York Times had a cable story about Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," and in the story mentioned Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Nurse." It had been written "Muse," but it looked something like "Nurse," and that was all the linotype operator needed. The Evening Globe, of the same day, appropriated the story and also made it "Tragic Nurse." The Tribune, in commenting on it the day after, said that if she could only have played in Ibsen it might have been the Tragic Norse! An editor used the phrase, "pigs in a poke." One can easily visualize his consernation when he read "figs is a joke." He did not consider it a joke, although he understood.

The Morning Telegraph, New York's sporting and theatrical dally, had a sentence reading "First appearance of Rose Coghlan in Goatville." It should have been "in vaudeville." The same paper said "Ballyhoo Bey's (a crack race horse) mind is affected." It should have been "wind," showing the vast change of meaning

accomplished by the misuse of a single letter. In a middle-western city Maggie Cline was billed as "The Irish Thrush," but the paper said "Irish Trash." And the same paper shortly afterward printed "Turning of the Screw" for Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

A Kentucky paper carried an advertisement relating to traveling. The original copy read, "For winter tours, go to—," but the printer's thoughts were on something else, for he made it "winter trousers." Another Blue-Grass paper ran an advertisement reading, "Farms, residences, village properties for sale; many bargains." It appeared all right to that point, when it read "many burglaries."

At a wedding in the old days at the cathedral in New York, the reporter said the avenue was crowded with "cabs and carriages." But that everlasting printer made it "cats and canaries"—quite a tempting combination, don't you think? Down in Mississippi a reporter wrote "It burst upon them like a ray of sunshine," and he does not yet understand how it came to be changed to "like a rag of muslin." But it is easy to reason out when one remembers that Beethoven's Symphony was twisted into Beethoven's Syrup Honey. Some time ago May Irwin's "I Want You, Ma Honey" was changed to "I Want You, Mahony," and the name "Jabez Carson" appeared several times in an article when "Julius Caesar" was intended.

"Vanderbilt Gallery Thrown Open to the Public" was the way a headline was written, and this was changed to read "Vaudeville Gallery." And another New York paper had a "flood of immigrants at Ellis Island" changed to a "flood of imagination." That was not much of a change, but of imagination it was a plenty.

Our transplanted American artist (Whistler) was classified as "Jas. Abbott McNeill, whistler, painter and sculptor," and the Milton Aborn Opera Company appeared as "The Milton, a barn opera company"—both errors in a New York daily. But it was no worse than a reference to Anatole France, the distinguished French author, appearing in the Paducah News-Democrat. It spoke of "Anatole, France's great writer." In New York an old-time dock-rat was arrested by an Atlantic Dock policeman, but the linotype operator evidently thought an "Athletic Dutch policeman" would look better, for that is what he made it. When a sportsman shipped a string of race horses to Saratoga, the newspaper story was written about "all-aged race horses" that were

en route. The linotype operator called them "alleged race horses." Maybe he spoke from sad experience.

It sometimes happens that the linotype operator or printer has something else in mind when seemingly busy at his fascinating work. Rampant thought-wandering would account for many mistakes. When Peter Maher, pugilist, came to America, in setting the headline for a story on Easter music, the linotype operator made it "Rossini's "Stab at Maher" for Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

A society reporter on a New York paper wrote a fearful hand. In a story on heraldry, and New Yorkers who were entitled to coats-of-arms, etc., she wrote that a certain New York matron, "through a second marriage, had added to her arms," and then followed the usual lion rampant, unicorn, birds couchant ad lib. It would have been all right if the linotype operator could have deciphered her bad manuscript, but the best he could make of the word "arms" was "alms." The proud lady asked a correction, and the next day the paper said the word should have been "aims." This aroused her all the more and led to the discharge of the man responsible for the error. In apologizing and trying to atone for the double "break," the paper made still another when it said "the guilty person had been replaced." Replaced!

"The best may slip, and the most cautious fall;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all."

The story is told of the mixing up of two news items in a Washington paper many years ago. The announcement that a minister was to be presented with a token of appreciation by his congregation was printed. A write-up of a newly patented pig-killing machine which had been demonstrated appeared in the same issue. This was the rather amusing result of the two stories being "pied up," as the printers say: "Several of the Rev. D. K. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday and after a conversation the unsuspecting pig was seized by the legs and slid along the beam until he reached the hot-water tank." It took considerable explaining to set the editor right that day, though he was innocent of the bungle.

John Locke, the Irish poet, was known as "The Southern Gael." When he died an obituary appeared in one of the Irish-American journals and referred to him as "The Southern Gale." This was a breezy transposition, to be sure, and changed the

meaning considerably. The editor did not get "in bad" because the two letters were transposed, though a prominent politician did "howl" when he saw intelligence of his resignation from public office printed under the heading of "Public Improvements."

But the most startlingly ridiculous transposition on record is probably that appearing on the first page of a Chicago daily, for "breaks" are certain to be obtentatiously displayed in the most conspicuous places. First there was an article with this caption, the dash separating the first line of a three-line heading: "The Condor of the Andes—Albert Seaton Berry, of Kentucky, Bears That Distinction." In another column, on the same page of the paper in question, was the announcement: "Tallest Man in Congress—Soars Far Above the Eagle and Reaches a Height of Six Miles."

Cardinal Gibbons, in an interview a few years ago, told a story of P. S. Gilmore and his band. "Gilmore," said the cardinal, "was famous for his playing of Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass.' On one occasion he played it in a North Carolina town and the next day the local paper announced that he rendered with great effect 'Mozart's 'Twelfth Massachusetts.'" The story reminds one of the typesetter who eternally "improved" on his copy as written by the reporter. A young couple were married at nuptial mass in a Georgia city, but he knew better—he made it "Nuptial, Mass."

Besides the typographical errors with which all newspapers are familiar, glaring inconsistencies often make apologies necessary. For example, a New York daily once announced that a famous singer had contracted a cold and would be unable to appear at a scheduled concert. The item appeared on the same page with a cold-cure advertisement. It is certain the advertising manager had to do a lot of explaining, for the cold-cure advertisement contained a signed testimonial from that selfsame singer!

CHAPTER IX

PHRASES THAT CONFUSE

THERE is a difference between what newspapers call a common typographical error or "break," and the ridiculously ambiguous sentences that so often arrest attention. Improper usage of words is frequently responsible for expressions that have a double meaning. Punctuation—or rather a lack of punctuation—is another reason for phrases that read both ways. But poorly constructed sentences take the lead.

Look at the program of an amusement park in Chicago which last summer featured Miss Parker, terpsichorean artist. She, the printed program says, "since February has been on the road dancing from Philadelphia to Omaha." Reconstruction of that sentence might have cleared the meaning, for it is ambiguous in the extreme.

Some time ago the Lyric theater at Knoxville, Ill., had the following on its programs: "All films are censored. Affords a means of relaxation for St. Alban's students." The word "censored" would have been proper and was probably intended; if not, one might infer that knocking is a great relaxation.

On the dining room card of a certain hotel in an Arkansas town there is this unusual request: "Please report any inattention of the waitress to the manager." What does the come-and-go diner care for the filial feelings of the busy waitress toward the self-centered boss? Nothing at all. To ask for such reports from patrons is ridiculous.

Down in Alabama a small bakery has posted a sign that truly leaves one in doubt as to the quality of its loaves. It reads: "Please do not handle the bread as it is not sanitary." Many persons are said to visit the little store just to read the sign and chuckle.

But no Paducahan need travel far to gaze upon a signboard that is equally ambiguous—depending, of course, upon how you look at things. There is a barber shop in this city which tells passersby exactly this: "Shoes shhined inside." Pondering these words, the thought suggests itself that perhaps this is a new fad.

Shining shoes is all right, but shining them on the inside is positively a new wrinkle.

This recalls the western farmer who was amazed when he saw the word "Cafe" over nearly every restaurant door at the Chicago exposition back in 1893. He thought, doncherno, that "Cafe" was the name of the owner!

The church announcements of a Paducah newspaper once carried the startling information that in a particularly attentive Sunday school "we strive to inoculate Scripture!" Think of threatening children with inoculation—little boys and girls who have done no harm and who try to be just as good as they can despite such "Christian" ethics. The word "impart" would have conveyed the probable meaning, even thought it sacrificed the "suffer little children" motif.

About two years ago a policeman hailed a tramp who was fleeing down one of the principal streets of New Orleans. "Here! Where did you steal that rug from?" And the tramp answered: "I didn't steal it. A lady up the street gave it to me and told me to beat it." However, he was not allowed to proceed.

But for the chair of paradox one might safely raffle an oak leather chair exhibited in a mail order catalog sent out from Chicago. Under an illustration of the comfortable chair are these words: "Showing footrest concealed." If the footrest is "concealed," how could it be "showing," and vice versa? That is almost as ambiguous as a sign in a Denver store about five years ago: "During the flu epidemic we will not change underwear." The word "exchange" would have clarified things and been of more interest to the public. But that is nothing. In Paducah there is a store that among other things sells "stationary"—whatever that is!

Many years ago a street fakir in Sheboygan was giving his medicated voice to the sale of cough medicine. In one part of his discourse, he said that "thousands of persons would rise and acclaim the merits of Doperine if they were alive to tell the tale today."

This reminds one of the advertisement a gentleman placed in a Gary, Ind., paper. "I will not be responsible for any debts contracted only by myself." From the wording of that ad it is clear he had no confidence in his shopping ability. A hint for choirmasters is given in the Blirstown (Iowa) Banner, in the

following sentence: "The choir at the Park Avenue church Sunday was full and the music was excellent."

But going back to signs, here is one: "Our eggs are like Caesar's wife." It was a nifty, but not original, way of telling the public the eggs were above suspicion—if that was the meaning intended. It would be unkind to suspect that the late J. Caesar's spouse was expensive in the least. In a Pennsylvania cemetery this sign is near the entrance: "Persons are prohibited picking flowers except from their own graves."

The Bloomington Bulletin had the word "Many" instead of "Much" in a headline several years ago, and it created quite a bit of talk. The head reads: "Farmers Sell Many New Oats." A revised notion of the occupational zero might be counting oats. But that is not ambiguous. More than likely it is tiresome. However, a certain church in Michigan promises to have a number of dances which the daily paper announces are to start at once. "The series of dinner dances," the paper says, "will be given with a view to bringing the members closer together." Well, that looks like a workable scheme, all night. It is equivocal in the extreme—the sentence is.

The Little Bohemia restaurant in Racine gives fair warning that "you will never eat another Sunday dinner at home if you try one of ours." Such candor reminds one of the notice a dentist inserted in an Alabama paper. It read: "As the State Dental Association meets April 7 to 12, my office will be closed for the entire week. This is for the public's benefit."

A woman went to the proprietor of a wallpaper store and said: "I want some paper to put on myself two-thirds of the way up." That remark was very much like the advertisement which read: "The greatest floor enamel ever made. You can put it on yourself." In other words, you do not take it internally.

The Wisconsin State-Journal had the following sentence, which easily admits of more than one meaning. "Mr. Pickering has been pastor here for twenty-eight years, and thus is the longest Baptist pastor in Wisconsin." Maybe he was the person who advertised for sleeping quarters, thus: "Wanted, an airy bed-room for a gentleman 22 feet long, and 11 feet wide."

But of want ads capable of double interpretation there is no end. Most of them are just so owing to incorrect use of the comma, the semicolon, or the period, and quite frequently the absence of all of these. Look at this one appearing recently

in a Paducah paper: "Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children." And still some people wonder why they cannot dispose of their property when they advertise that way. To herald those likeable qualities of a bulldog—"will eat anything and fond of children"—were equal to wishing a lion upon someone who borrowed your bonnet and failed to return it.

Words are treacherous, tricky things, bear in mind. Three or four, arranged in one way or another, may precipitate a war, a divorce scandal, or a riot at a christening. They must be watched very closely when put in advertising, else their effectual virtues are lost and probable hurt done. Then, again, do not say too much. Rather say too little, than forget the law of diminishing returns. One man who was long on details, but short on ideas, failed to sell a couple bronchos simply because he said too much. Here is the way he advertised: "For Sale—Pair of broncho horses. Good weight, sound, broken. Owner in hospital." It sounds like a joke, but it went through that way. By advertising for a gymnast or even a boy of "parts," a Cairo baker could have shortened his ad and been more explicit. His ad read: "Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly inside the counter."

A Fort Wayne paper carried this advertisement: "Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons." Since this practice is prohibited in the Hoosier state, it is quite probable the lady had two sons and simply wished to wed one man. The person taking the want ad should have helped her out. Not so much by marrying her—or by being married to her—but in mitigating her position by dropping a period after the word "marry." Some years ago a dog and pony show became stranded in Lexington. To meet obligations and avoid controversies, the company decided to sell the canines and ponies and advertised thus: "Animal sale now on; don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come here."

An indianapolis paper had a rather dubious announcement reading: "Mr. Jones, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, caps, etc., for ladies out of their own skins." It was like the ad that ran in the Bennettsville (S. C) Pee Dee Advocate: For Sale—A few pair of blankets made from my own wool. Price, \$10 per pair."

Hundreds of close readers of the Texas Stockman and Farmer will no doubt recall an ad which ran conspicuously among

the best reading matter: "If you have money, lands or estates due you anywhere, write L. Blaton, Attorney, Denton, Texas, and he will get it."

An elderly farmer hitched his team to a telegraph post. "Here," exclaimed a policeman, "you can't hitch there!" "Can't hitch!" shouted the irate farmer. "Well, why have you a sign up, 'Fine for hitching?'" The St. Louis Post-Dispatch is authority for a story about a university professor there, who in a lecture before the Academy of Science, told of a printer who could "set type with one eye and read proof with the other." Perhaps it has never occurred to you, but setting type with the eye instead of the hand is quite a feat.

Bill Smith, a country storekeeper in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, went to the city to buy goods. The merchandise was sent immediately, and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered Mrs. Smith, who was running the store, uttered a scream, seized a hatchet and began frantically to open the largest one. "What's the matter, Sarah?" said one of the bystanders, who had watched her in amazement. Pale and faint, Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the box. It read: "Bill inside." The story recalls the backwoods farmer who was aboard a train for the first time and misinterpreted the conductor's warning. "Look out!" yelled the conductor, "we're going through a tunnel." Whereupon the farmer put his head out of the window to his sorrow.

Some time ago a young man gallantly escorted his Boston hostess to the table. "May I," he asked, "sit on your right hand?" To which she replied, "No, I have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair." A joke probably started from the incident. It is to the effect that a man had his eye on a seat in a street car and a young woman entered and sat on it.

The old Paducah News once carried a want ad that was puzzling to some. It was classified under "Wanted," and here is what it said: "Salesmen—Ambitious, desiring association with highly endorsed proposition; real estate experience essential but not necessary." In other words, just come as you are.

An Evans (Pa.) paper had this one: "Wanted—Odd jobs of carpentering for a competent and worthy man of the community. Call the pastor if you need such a workman."

With prohibition in effect, can you understand why any person asking for a position will boast in print that he will

violate the Volstead edict should he have an opportunity? It seems inconceivable, but here is the way a young fellow goes after a position via the Memphis Commercial Appeal classified columns: "Young man wants position as stenographer; speedy; reliable; don't drink; can start at once." Not much use of starting now, friend.

This is from the want column of a New York daily: "Japanese woman wants washing." Poor butterfly.

A leading advertiser came running into a newspaper office and in heavy and disgusted tones said to the advertising manager: "What's the matter with your paper, anyway? That was a fine mess you made of my add yesterday." The trouble was not readily discerned. "Read it and see," said the advertiser as he thrust a copy of the paper into the advertising manager's hands. And he read, "If you want to have a fit, wear Jinks' shoes." The same complainant and advertiser is reported to have had a card in his window, reading: "Brown's Rubber Heels; fifty cents attached." But no one ever found a half dollar clinging to them.

A schoolgirl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her. "Mary!" called the teacher sharply. "Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil. "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!" was the command, difficult to obey. This recalls the remark of a clerkymen's wife who warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day: "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground, you'll catch cold."

At a meeting one night an Irishman got up and said: "I propose that we build a new schoolhouse, and that we build it in the place where the old one is; and I propose that we leave the old schoolhouse standing until the new one is up, and that we use the stones of the old schoolhouse to build the new one." The suggestion was something like the story about Pat. He was driving along the street when his old horse fell and did not try to get up. "Git up, git up from there, ye lazy critter," said Pat. "Git up, I tell ye, or I'll drive right over ye!"

During the World war an Owensboro paper had a headline on its first page that was somewhat doubtful and rather dubious, quite indistinct and certainly puzzling. It was this: "Food Needs Pressing in Belgian Territory." The food did not need pressing, surely, for what housewife has not a rolling pin? The

Martinsville (W. V.) Bulletin is credited with running this advertisement: "Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters that can ride on a bicycle." If one wishes to comment on that, he might say oysters that can ride on a bicycle ought to do well in vaudeville. They excel trained flees. The advertisement is as ambiguous as the old sentence. "A carload of bricks came in for a walk through the park."

It is easy to misconstrue the meaning of a sentence when punctuation is lacking. "The prisoner said the lawyer was an escape convict," reads contrary to the same combination of words when spaced by two commas, as: "The prisoner, said the lawyer, was an escaped convict."

Children often encounter long words whose meaning they do not understand. It is more than likely they do not know what "ambiguity" means. Parents and guardians might impress the meaning more clearly by telling the story of the man who desired to purchase a Pullman berth.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?" inquired the man.

"A difference of fifty cents in this case," replied the agent. And then he explained:

"The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you will have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most persons don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of it being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

CHAPTER X

CHEER UP AT FORTY!

THERE is an accepted belief among many people that when a person has reached middle life—say forty—the time for building character or achieving fame lies behind. The period of youth is certainly the most important in that the foundation for future accomplishments is laid then, but that man or woman is foolish who despairs of life at two-score years simply because the pinnacle of success has not been reached and wealth is not prodigal at the feet.

One might very properly speak of a life of forty years as being the perfect day of maturity, nor need there be repining that one cannot rekindle the morning beams of childhood or recall as clearly as could be wished the noontide glory of youth. As the evening rays of age gleam in the shadowy horizon, it is given to every person to cherish that goodness which is the sweetness of childhood, the joy of youth, the strength of maturity, the honor of old age, the bliss of saints. Youth has its advantages, old age has its blessings. A French proverb conveys the thought here in mind—"If only youth had the knowledge, if only age had the power."

It will surprise the average reader to learn that quite often the most enduring work of an individual has been done even after the fortieth year has been added to by twenty more. Someone has even gone so far as to say a person's lasting achievements are registered in most instances when man or woman is past sixty well on the way to seventy. Indeed, in an investigation of 600 of the most important scientists, statesmen and old-world famous men and women it was found that only 5 per cent of them accomplished their world's work before the age of forty, 10 per cent between forty and fifty, and 20 per cent between fifty and sixty. Thirty-five per cent accomplished their life's aim between seventy and eighty, while 9 per cent actually did their best work after attaining the good old age of eighty. This should give some encouragement to the person in middle life who inwardly feels that his or her life's star has reached its

perihelion and decline is imminent. It is well to remember a person is as old as he feels, and no one should be swayed by false sentiment.

Daniel Defoe wrote nothing more readable or entertaining than "Robinson Crusoe," his masterpiece written at the age of sixty. At forty Ulysses S. Grant, later president of the United States, was idling about the streets of Galena, Ill., with no occupation and was generally regarded by the prosperous citizens of that town as a worthless sort of person. Benjamin Franklin did not commence his philosophical pursuits until he had reached his fiftieth year, and Ogilvie, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. Even Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

John Wesley preached on an average of fifteen sermons a week. Instead of breaking down under it, he wrote in his seventy-third year that he was far more able to preach than when twenty-three! The Salvation Army was not founded by William Booth until he had reached the age of forty-nine. At forty John Bunyan first received his license to preach, and he was forty-seven before "The Pilgrim's Progress" began to appear in print. At forty-nine Oliver Cromwell was seriously contemplating emigrating to America as a farmer.

Accareo, a great lawyer upon being asked why he began the study of law so late, replied, that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it sooner! It was not until Julius Caesar was forty-one that he became a general and began one of the most illustrious military careers in history. Napoleon was forty when he was hailed the Emperor of the French, just in the very prime of life.

Marshall Foch approached seventy when he was commander-in-chief of the allied armies in the World War. Blucher was seventy-two at Waterloo, where he turned the tide. King William of Prussia was seventy-three during the War of 1870, and Field Marshal von Moltke was seventy at the same period. De Villars was eighty when he triumphantly invaded Italy.

Dryden and Scott were both forty before they became known as authors. At forty-six after an heroic struggle against penury, Dr. Samuel Johnson succeeded in publishing his dictionary of the English language. H. G. Wells was fifty-four when his popular "Outline of History" appeared, and Chauncey M. Depew's

"Memories" come from a mind eighty-six years old. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in book form when she was "just forty."

Socrates at an extreme old age learned to play on musical instruments. Cato was eighty years old when he began to learn the Greek language and Petrarch was just ten years younger when he commenced the study of Latin.

Who complains of being old, a sort of "has been," useless and worn out, at forty? Bah! See Ludovico writing the memoirs of his own time at the great age of one hundred and fifteen! "Back to Methuselah!" cries George Bernard Shaw. Nobody should be old at forty; many people are dishearteningly lazy before.

Come, all you who have that tired, despondent, remorseful feeling at forty. Oliver Wendell Holmes is here in spirit and the shade of the lovable autocrat will lead in song—

"We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—Show him the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! white if you please;

Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze."

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